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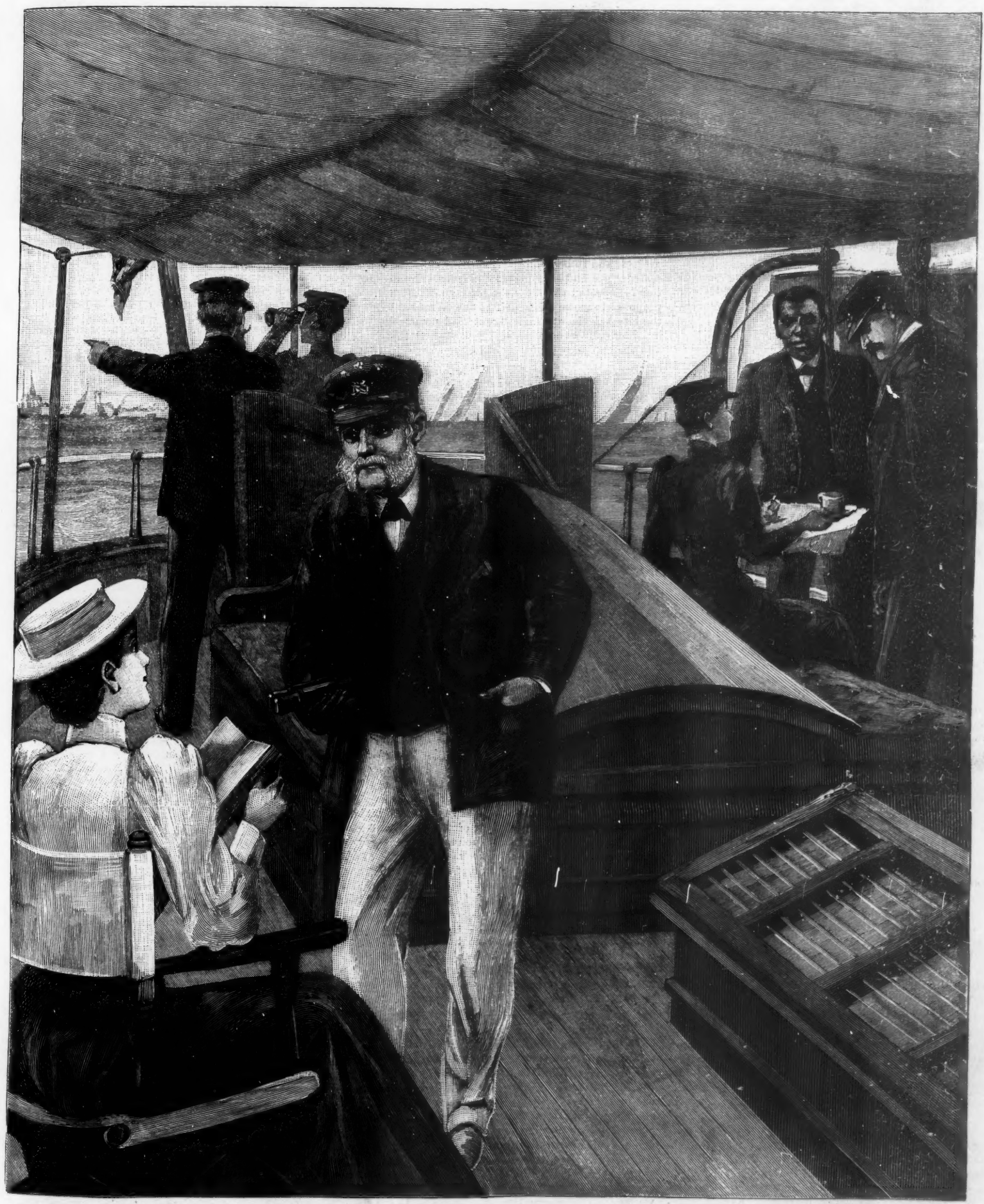
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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AN AFTERNOON ON THE STEAM-YACHT "ELECTRA."

[Sketched from life by C. Mente.]

ONCE A WEEK

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JULIUS CHAMBERS

EDITOR

DURING the heated term the Anarchist is in his native element.

THE Union and the trades-union ought to be on good terms. We mean the American Union and the same brand of trades-union.

AFTER many threats of opposition which did not materialize in the Senate, Mr. SHIRAS was confirmed as associate justice of the Federal Supreme Court.

THE President has approved the act to enforce reciprocal commercial relations between this country and Canada. Ottawa does not so approve, and there is fun ahead.

MR. CARNEGIE has decided not to interfere in the Homestead trouble. In this he is making a mistake, and we honestly believe the great essayist feels that he is.

BAY CITY, Mich., had a fire, July 25th, in which over four hundred buildings were destroyed. The great Pine City may easily build up again; but it will be with less pine this time.

THE Italian Government will send the statue of COLUMBUS to this country on board the transport *Garigliano*, conveyed by an Italian warship. Well, COLUMBUS was a good man.

THE House Bill, granting twelve dollars a month to army nurses, was passed in the Senate, after being amended. The measure will now be subject to the action of a conference committee before anything further can be done. The nurses should get their pensions if there is anything left in the strong-box.

ONE fact alone is sufficient to condemn both the strike and the lockout. The Anarchist crawls out of his beer-cellar when honest labor and capital fall out in that inexcusable fashion. Down with the strike, the lockout and Anarchism. Arbitration must precede—peaceful, if possible; compulsory, if it must be so.

THE Government newspapers are preparing a reply to BISMARCK's recent utterances. Unless peaceful counsel prevails, the Iron Chancellor will have an open rupture with the emperor of a more serious nature than the outside world expects. BISMARCK's hatred of Austria is at the bottom of his present attack upon everybody in the Berlin Government.

IMMIGRANTS from various ports of Europe take passage for this country at Hamburg. Owing to the prevalence of the cholera epidemic in Russia, the German authorities have prohibited the landing of any passengers bound for Hamburg at any point along the line. Our ports of entry will need careful watching, while Germany continues to hurry Hamburg passengers in this way.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY FOSTER favors the appointment of additional inspectors at Ellis Island to prevent the landing of imported contract laborers, the inspectors to be chosen from among the labor organizations. The scheme, however, must first have the approval of Immigration Commissioner WEBER of the

port of New York. If labor is down at Homestead, it is growing strong in New York.

GREAT BRITAIN has laid claim to a disputed portion of Venezuelan soil upon which a British colony has been quietly settled, while Venezuela was not quiet. The territory is on the Orinoco River, and will be valuable to British interests in that quarter. It is probable Venezuela has not thought of selling or giving up the territory in question. Now that she is reminded of something by the English she may be glad to take pay for it.

THE Chinese Government has sent an official communication to this country relating to various matters. Minister BLAIR was rejected, the communication states, because he had slandered China. The recent Exclusion Act will not be willingly accepted by China because it is in violation of treaty, and therefore the Chinese Government refuses to regard this question as closed. The Chinese seem inclined to argue with us on our own grounds.

QUEEN VICTORIA has a suit in the New York Supreme Court, against the Asphalt Company, for nine thousand dollars. The claim is for asphalt taken on the island of Trinidad from lands belonging to the British crown. Judge LAWRENCE has just decided that her majesty must give bonds in two hundred and fifty dollars for costs, before the cause of action can proceed. It is a mere matter of form, however, for the queen expects to put the costs on the other fellows.

A BILL for good country roads is before Congress. It provides for a national board to take charge of the project, and to be composed of five Senators, five Representatives and five private citizens. Immediate action is expected to follow the passage of the bill. It is proposed to make an exhibit at the World's Fair of all the latest devices for intelligent and economical road-building. Everybody should get aboard this wagon, and then we may all take a ride.

THE week ending July 30th was the hottest recorded in the United States for many years. The late crops throughout the country were forced ahead by the intense heat, except in isolated sections where the late-planted corn was somewhat damaged. Though the death list was large in many places it was very slight compared with that of former years under the same conditions. The gratifying spread of popular enlightenment on hygienic subjects is the explanation.

THE government of Chili has agreed to pay seventy five thousand dollars as indemnity to the families of Boatswain's Mate RIGGIN and Sailor TURNBULL, and to the sailors who were injured in the *Ballimore* affair last Summer in Valparaiso. The body of RIGGIN has been exhumed and will be brought home for burial. The affair which almost led to war is thus amicably settled. It is even announced that Minister EGAN has at last become acceptable to the Chilean Government. Chili is to be congratulated upon doing her best to be a fair, square republic.

THOSE of us who love her will continue to hope that Columbia may never enact the rôle of the pirate. Cruiser No. 12, launched at CRAMP's shipyard, in Philadelphia, July 20th, is a commerce-destroyer to be used in time of war for preying upon the merchant marine of the enemy. Before she was launched an irreverent genius among the workmen dubbed her the "Pirate"; but Miss EDITH MORTON, daughter of the Vice-President, took the curse off on launching day by breaking a bottle of champagne across the prow of the craft, and at the same time announcing in a voice of trepidation: "I christen thee *Columbia*." The new cruiser is of 7,500 tons, 400 feet long, 55 feet beam, 24 feet draught, and is built to make 22 knots an hour, which is nearly a knot per hour faster than the *City of Paris* which holds the record among ocean greyhounds. The coal endurance of the *Columbia* is such that she can sail wellnigh around the world without recoaling. She will be protected by an armored deck four inches thick on the slope and two and a half on the flat. It is well to have her, though we hope she may never be called upon to prey, after the manner of the unholy pirate.

Two Toronto newspapers, the *News* and the *Globe*, have had something to say recently about the retaliation question that should furnish food for reflection on this side of the line. "In cases of this kind," says the *News*, "partisan differences always disappear with us, and just now the Ottawa Government has no stancher supporters than in the ranks of the Liberal party in its determination to stand up to the last in defense of right so unjustly assailed by a powerful neighbor." Now, there is Canada, for you.

Says the *Globe*: "In the case of the privileges now accorded to the Canadian railways in the United States, we find on one side the proprietors of the American railways who do not like Canadian competition, and

on the other the people of the Northwestern States and New England, to whom this same competition is a great boon, and popular interest would probably prove the stronger, unless an element of national exasperation against Canada were introduced into the question."

That is to say Canada is united, whereas in this country the people will take up the anti-railroad-monopoly cry in the Northwest and in New England, and the result will be that Canada will come out ahead once more in the matter of American bonding privileges on one side and Canadian discrimination against American business on the other.

What do the people of Michigan, Minnesota, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Northern New York think about the scheme outlined for them by these two Toronto newspapers?

A MURDER THAT DID NOT "OUT."

NEW AND CURIOUS INFORMATION ABOUT THE NATHAN CASE
SUPPLIED BY A. OAKLEY HALL, MAYOR OF NEW
YORK AT THE TIME OF THE CRIME.

TWENTY-TWO years ago (July 29, 1870) sleeping guests on the Twenty-third street side of the Fifth Avenue Hotel were aroused by tidings of a murder freshly done in a brown-stone mansion opposite, on a site now devoted to express service.

This generation has heard little of the Nathan murder which for a whole year became the sensation of New York, and indeed of the Union, to an extent only paralleled by that of the Prasilin murder in Paris a few years previously—another tragedy that proved to be another instance of the falsity of the oft quoted proverb, "Murder will out," even in France where a suspect is presumed to be guilty until he proves his innocence. After thirteen years of continuous service as a prosecutor of criminal pleas in this city, I may be permitted to remain qualified as a judge of the quoted maxim. I cannot recall an instance of a murder wherein prosecution under legal restrictions necessarily failed which did not exhibit moral evidence distinctly pointing toward a perpetration. In all cases of murder where the police failed to obtain full clews of detection or juries failed to fasten it by a court verdict, one from the populace—who accept moral evidence of crime in aid of conclusions regarding perpetrator and motives or methods—has been rarely wrong.

But memories of the Nathan murder have passed from the last generation to the knowledge of this one by the recent death at Boulogne-sur-Mer—scene of a host of mysteries in crime—of a son of the murdered Nathan; and who for a long time patiently rested under the popular suspicion that he was at least cognizant of the perpetrator of the crime.

Public opinion clamors—rightfully, perhaps—for a perpetrator whenever murder is committed; and because murder will not "out" this public opinion falls back and complacently rests upon moral evidence whenever searching for detection.

I will relate from my personal experience a curious coincidence that happened on the very day of the Nathan murder. I had ceased to be district attorney a year and a half previously, and was chief magistrate of the metropolis. When I arrived in town from my rural retreat about nine o'clock of a close July morning, I found awaiting my train Police Justice Dowling and Superintendent of Police Jourdan, under whom the alert Byrnes was then an aide-camp. I accompanied them in a carriage to the Manhattan Club, where I was in the habit of taking luncheon with Recorder Hackett, and en route they detailed to me—I was, of course, an ex-officio member of the Police Board—the circumstances of the Nathan murder, intelligence of which newsboys were then crying in "extras." The justice and chief of police were fresh from the scene of the crime, and of course had the best account to furnish. These general circumstances are too well known to need my repetition. The recorder had reached the club and immediately joined us in consultation in a private clubroom. He had himself already visited the Nathan mansion on his way downtown, and had made some hasty examinations for himself. Naturally, the first question discussed was, "Who did the murder?" I asked Chief Jourdan at once, "Have you any suspicions as to the perpetrator, or any clews or theories as to motive and methods?"

He answered, "No theories. I do not like theories until pregnant facts appear. Theories are too apt to engross and obscure, and a hasty theorist is too apt to look at the developing facts through the spectrum of the already formed theory, and become biased or prejudiced."

I procured four blank cards, and said: "I propose that each of us write the name of anyone whom he suspects and compare them before we proceed further or become biased by each other's thoughts."

That was quickly done; and when inspected, every card bore one name!

Here was an immediate agreement of a jury of suspicion upon the hazy facts so far established.

What was that name? At this question I quote the Latin maxim—a maxim often respected to an abuse of it, and sometimes quoted to the prejudice of true biography and history—"de mortuis dicere nil nisi bonum."

I do not give the name, because naught but moral evidence ever vindicated our then consensus; and nothing except suspicion ever attached to that name. Still, it was a remarkable coincidence of agreement between four experts in criminal law and criminal evidence, whereby a junction of opportunity, presence, means and motive toward crime seemed to unite in one person.

I fancy that all authorities, from Beccaria to Wharton, agree that such a junction serves as a touchstone to the discovery of any criminal.

The recorder and the police justice then returned to the Nathan mansion, where it was understood a justice of the Supreme Court, who was the brother-in-law of the mur-

dered Nathan, and an amiable coroner had already arrived. The mayor and superintendent of police drove to Police Headquarters, and in the board room they found Presiding Commissioner Bosworth—an ex-judge and a very Gamaliel of a trained and renowned jurist. To him—all agog with the absorbing topic of the day, although the victim of the tragedy was scarcely rigid in death—we imparted what had occurred at the club. And, to our surprise and satisfaction, he contributed an agreement as to the name, adding: "It was on my mind an hour ago." The Supreme Court judge and the coroner were found by Hackett and Dowling to have also formed a theory, which rested on the head of that ubiquitous, mysterious perpetrator best described in the annals of coronial juries as "person unknown." Then again came in mind Superintendent Jourdan's comment on the warping of judgment and police action by slavish submission to a theory.

An iron weapon, called a ship-carpenter's dog, had been found—one known to burglars and sneak-thieves and

CAPITAL AND LABOR AT HOMESTEAD.

I.

THE agreement between the Carnegie Steel Company of Homestead and their employees expired July 1st, 1892. Failing to agree with the Amalgamated Association upon a new scale of wages, the company locked out the men by paying them off in full June 30th. The Advisory Labor Committee was organized and the locked-out employees proceeded, through its direction and supervision, to guard the plant, patrol the town and make preparations generally to prevent the owners of the plant from filling their places with "black sheep." No overt act was committed, unless it be such to take what may be called (we will not argue the point here), virtual possession of the company's property. Pinkerton detectives were brought by water from various points (no matter, at present, whether the act was good policy, or just to the men, or done in a strictly lawful and law-abiding manner). The battle was

men—with what degree of success is much in doubt, though the officials claim to have secured sufficient help to run the plant at present. An apparently irresponsible man named Berkman, in no way connected with the workmen, made a desperate attempt to kill Mr. Frick, the president of the company. Unsuccessful efforts were made to patch up the differences, and the probability is that the Homestead mills will soon be running again, dealing with the locked-out men—if at all—as individuals, and recognizing in no sense the Amalgamated Association. The leaders of the "strikers" and alleged rioters will not be taken back under any circumstances. The loss in many ways, besides the deplorable loss of life, since July 1st, is very great in dollars, but the damage to the industrial situation in this country is incalculably more serious and more important for consideration.

II.

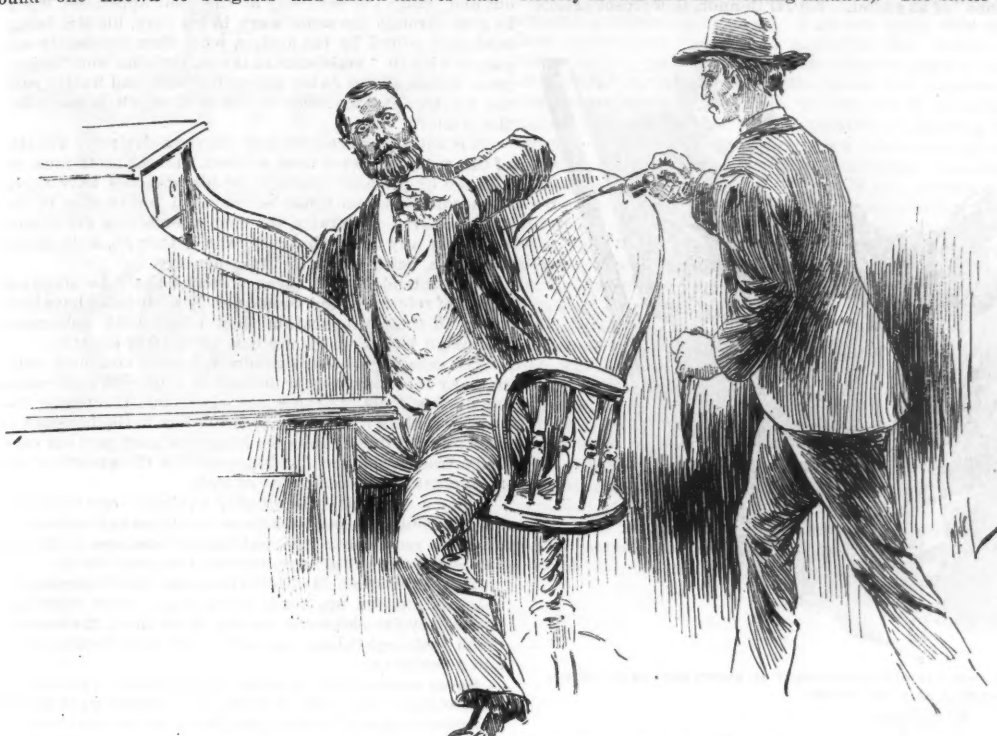
The law protects the company in the peaceful possession, control and operation of the mills. No man who wishes to go to work in them now must be prevented from so doing. The late employees have no right, under the law, to interfere in any way with the company. To go to the full extent of the law of Pennsylvania: they are now obliged to leave Homestead and seek employment elsewhere, or go to work for the company at the latter's terms. Some of the association men will be hired, if they submit; others will not be allowed to work in Homestead at all. Among these latter are the most popular, intelligent, unselfish and skilled of the locked-out men. These are facts, not arguments. And this is the law. Home-owners in Homestead must cut away from those whom they recently followed—no matter whether they were worthy leaders or not—or home-owners in Homestead must seek new homes, no doubt losing nearly all they have saved by the change, besides being scattered, as "individuals," to seek employment in unknown cities, cut away from neighbors, chums, relatives and fellow union men. Good men have had to do this before, and perhaps the men of Homestead may be equal to the sacrifice now. This is the result of the law. Property rights must be respected. Workmen get their pay. When they become dissatisfied they may quit. When trades-unions fail to come to terms with companies they may order strikes. There is no law against strikes, unless overt acts are committed against the unwilling companies or their new non-union laborers.

III.

But let us drop theory. It is a condition that confronts us. Things are not as they used to be. The laborer "seeking" employment and striking a bargain with his employer has "gone out." Laborers have organizations, now. Think of four hundred little steel plants at Homestead employing ten men each! You may as well try to bring back that fossil into modern conditions as to imagine four thousand individual steel-workers coming one at a time to man the magnificent works on the banks of the Monongahela. No, no, gentlemen, the "individual" would really be of no use to you. Great enterprises are not built that way. Neither is organized labor in the end of the century.

Men have their faults. Workmen in the same line are sometimes not cut out for association with their fellows. Such workmen frequently think they have nobody to work for in the world but themselves. They are honestly of opinion that it is all right to crowd a fellow-workman out of his job, regardless of consequences to the latter. They

(Continued on page 7.)



ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF H. C. FRICK BY ANARCHIST BERKMANN.

sometimes used as a "jimmy"—and on this theory action took basis that a burglar had committed the murder. This theory was nursed—the very word to use as applicable—before the coroner's jury (and in much of my day coroners were expert at picking a jury to accord with theories), and the theory caught the several newspapers.

Suspicion pointed to the now recently deceased son—more because no blood was found upon his shirt. Would he not, if a culprit, have carefully avoided exposing himself to it? His brother's linen was covered with it, as if in grief he had thoughtlessly handled his father. This suspicion intensified when the former, who had been out very late, and for obvious reasons must have become wearied and sleepy, was found up in the morning so early raising a hue and cry over the murder. Also, because father and suspected son had recently engaged in domestic quarrels over money matters and marriage topics. In clubs and legal circles the idea of method and motive was that the father upbraided the son on his late return, and in an angry moment—for the former was a very religious Hebrew, and thoroughly believed in the Solomonic idea of "spare the rod and spoil the child"—resorted to violence. The wound was an ugly one, but could as well have been occasioned by a blow from the heel of an up-lifted boot as by the weapon that doctored the coroner's theory. The same suspicion intensified when so little of value was found to have been taken.

The theory of gain being excluded, that of passion—perhaps only amounting to the passion of manslaughter—came into play.

I offered, on the suggestion of a newspaper, a large reward for information leading to the apprehension of the murderer, but not one answering echo came from any quarter. The family offered rewards for information about the missing trinkets and the whole Union was watching the pawnbrokers, but nothing came from these offers.

For several months the disturbing theory of a burglar as murderer occupied the public mind. The police generally adopted such a theory—as was natural to police thinkers. And in only a short time the Nathan murder entered into the limbo of undiscovered crime—a limbo, since the useful reporter has been trained to become a Fouché or a Byrnes on "his own hook," not so extended in area as it was a quarter century ago. A. OAKLEY HALL.

MISS GOLDBURG—"I wouldn't marry you, sir, if you were as rich as Croesus."

MR. HARDROW—"Well, that's just the difference; I wouldn't marry you if you weren't."

WIFE—"Oh, George, the water-pipe is leaking, and the water is spoiling the new hall carpet. Go and get a plumber, quick."

HUSBAND—"That's all right, my dear, let it go; it's cheaper to get a new carpet."

fought in which human beings were killed and wounded on both sides.

The State of Pennsylvania then took possession of the town to enforce the law and protect the company's property. The sheriff of Allegheny County had charge of the militia and kept in direct communication with the governor of the State. Several leaders of the men were arrested, charged with unlawful killing. The labor patrol was discontinued. The company proceeded to obtain new



THE FIRST NEWS OF THE ATTEMPT UPON MR. FRICK'S LIFE POSTED AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN HOMESTEAD.

NO IDLER HE.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME DOESN'T THINK THE ENGLISH PRESS IS BEING AMERICANIZED.

(Thirteenth Interview.)



OREMOST among the members of the younger school of London journalists is the editor of *The Idler*. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new and successful illustrated *fin de siècle* monthly has its offices at Talbot House, Arundel street, just out the Strand. I only have to mention the name of ONCE A WEEK to the courteous sub-editor, Mr. G. B. Burghin, and am straightway ushered into Mr. Jerome's sanctum. It was the first time I had ever clapped eyes on the man who has been styled "the English Mark Twain." Based on the fact that Mr. Jerome's second name is Klapka, I had an idea that he was of foreign extraction. Such, however, is not the case. Mr. Jerome is a man of thirty-one years of age, of rather more than medium height, good-looking, with thick, nut-brown hair, heavy mustache and a well-knit, active frame.

"Well, what's up now?" is his greeting, as he pushes toward me a box of cigarettes.

"I want to have a chat with you on the subject of the Americanization of the English press and to ask what hints you have taken from the American press with regard to your new magazine, *The Idler*?"

"Well, I can't think of anything I have borrowed except some of their writers; I should certainly say nothing whatever."

"Not even the side headlines?"

"Certainly not. Why, I annexed those from Chaucer and Coleridge, going back to a period slightly antecedent to America having any press of her own, I should imagine."

"Tell me what you think of the American methods adopted by other English papers."

"Well, frankly speaking, I don't like them at all. We seem to be going back and getting more narrow-minded. Nine-tenths of the matter published is merely scandal, such as two old women meeting in a village street would discuss together in exchanging views regarding the parson and the Hall. Everyone prys into his neighbors' private affairs. It is all small. The continued and frantic excitement as to the sayings, doings and mode of life of anyone who happens to be brought into pleasant or unpleasant notoriety, and not only concerning them, but their probably innocent families and connections, working upon foolish and unreasoning natures, leads ultimately in many cases to an intense and unappeasable desire to do something, no matter whether good or bad, by which they may advertise themselves in order that they may in their turn get their names into the newspapers. What ecstatic joy to some day have a headline, or possibly three, devoted to themselves and their doings! I am pleased to see that a recent decision in the law courts has given a check—not before it was needed—to the tendency to publish details of people's private lives, which, whether

next generation of American humorists ought to prove extremely entertaining. England has really produced no very great humorist during the last twenty years. —Have another cigarette?—No one to be compared to Dickens, Thackeray, Hood or Shirley Brooks. Of course, American humor has in a manner grown up by itself. It has been self-created, and is, as a rule, as dry as the air of many portions of the great continent, and most of it carries a very strong family relationship."

"The *Idler* has a good circulation in America?"

"Yes; there is nothing exactly like it over there, and the American public has extended to us so much encouragement that we have now under serious consideration the idea of publishing an American edition which would be issued in New York on the same day as in London."

I would have liked to have asked Mr. Jerome about his early journalistic days, but most successful men prefer not to be quizzed about their early struggles and don't care to converse about them. Mr. Jerome is quite devoid of "bounce" of any kind. T. P. O'Connor, in a recent article



"I THINK THE NEXT GENERATION OF AMERICAN HUMORISTS OUGHT TO PROVE EXTREMELY ENTERTAINING," SAID MR. JEROME.

in *Sala's Journal*, says that when he started in London as a journalist there were between the editor's room of the *Daily Telegraph* and the office-door not more than twenty short steps of stairs, and that it took him six to eight weeks to mount those stairs. Well, I put this question to Mr. Jerome:

"Did you have much trouble in getting your books published?"

"Yes; no one would look at them; but I had strong faith in my own powers, and at length met with the success I had so long sought in vain. I remember taking the 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow' to a prominent firm of publishers, and saw one of their principal representatives. He looked at the MS., said that he had no desire to discourage me in any way, but that it was 'simply rubbish.' Of course, I went away much crestfallen. I was going very cheap that day. Mr. F. W. Robinson, the distinguished author, who is invariably kind to young journalists, however, gave me a chance in his paper, *Home Chimes*; and the 'Idle Thoughts' and 'Three Men in a Boat' first saw the light in that cheery periodical. At length Messrs. Field & Tuer brought out 'Idle Thoughts' in book form, the public 'caught on,' with the result that the sale has considerably exceeded one hundred thousand copies. An equal success has been attained by 'Three Men in a Boat.' I tried an interesting experiment with 'Stageland.' I wanted to know how an author would fare who had the temerity to bring out his own book. The result in my case was quite satisfactory. I paid my own printers' and binders' bills, and in the end cleared more money than I should have derived through any publisher."

LONDON, July 15, 1892.

H. M.

HOW A CAMPAIGN HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

MR. P. F. COLLIER will shortly issue two valuable contributions to political history—two handsome volumes, royal octavo, morocco, five hundred pages—viz.:

"The Republican Party and Its Leaders. A History of the Party from its Beginning to the Present Time. Men and Measures that have Controlled the Country's Destiny. Lives of Harrison and Reid. Profusely Illustrated. By Thomas W. Knox."

"The History of the Democratic Party, from Thomas Jefferson to Grover Cleveland. The Work of Democracy in Shaping the Growth of the Nation. Great Leaders and Great Measures. Lives of Cleveland and Stevenson. Profusely Illustrated. By Chandos Fulton."

The titles of these standard works are sufficiently explanatory; but only those who write histories will be able to judge of the immense amount of research and reading necessary in their preparation.

Usually books are completed in MS. before being delivered to the publisher; but works of this kind, in the emergency of a campaign, have to be expedited, and the chapters are delivered as soon as completed to the printers, and consequently a large force has to be engaged to assist the authors.

First, there is the preliminary work of hunting up and

selecting historical authorities. All these works have to be carefully read and annotated for reference when the writing commences. This is, as may be imagined, no small work, and consumes time which will be wasted if the reading is not careful and systematic.

One man is detailed to verify and classify the statistics and dates, which are very voluminous and often contradictory.

Another devotes himself to arranging the biographical portions in the narrative and for the illustrations.

Another searches for the party platforms, speeches and conventions.

All this is preliminary; and, supplied with this mass of culled matter, the author, having previously mapped out the plan of his book in periods, re-arranges this again into chapters, and sets to work with his stenographers.

Preparing himself by consulting his previously arranged data, the author dictates at specified hours to each stenographer so many thousand words, which he writes out and brings the next day at the hour appointed, when he goes through the same work in his turn, his MS. being read and edited by the author, who, thus constantly engaged, with the assistance of the statistician and biographer, writes all the dates and statements, and finally puts the matter into sequence in his MS., which is ready for the printer.

It is not always easy to find the data desired. The life of this man has never been written, and the facts must be gleaned by personal inquiry; or his speeches have never been collected, and must be searched for in files of the daily papers. Generally, the men themselves are unable to supply any data whatever, and if they do, it is rarely available, being vague and fragmentary.

It is intended that these volumes shall be standard books of reference, and consequently more pains have been taken in their preparation than usual with ephemeral campaign books, which are cast aside after election.

The campaign book is generally hastily compiled, without any reference to chronological sequence or development—the facts, it is true, are given, but the reader has to search himself for the needle of fact in the haystack of data; but in these books the history of each party is carefully traced, the men and measures in the growth of the movement being considered as well.

Only a large and thoroughly equipped establishment like Mr. Collier's, who employs two thousand artisans of all kinds required in the publishing business, could undertake to get out so expeditiously two such books.

The facilities of Mr. Collier's great establishment enable him to set up, read, electotype, print, bind and pack ready for shipment on the same floor, thus saving much (only publishers can appreciate this) in time, labor and machinery.

Seven presses have been running steadily, printing the electrotyped pages, while in another department a corps have been engaged in manufacturing the handsome covers for the books, while the engravers have been making the illustrations from photographs.

A large room is required for storage of the immense rolls of paper required in printing the volumes.

In a word, the work of months in the several departments has, by facility and industry, been accomplished in a few weeks in order to be able to comply with the emergency of the case—i. e., the getting out of the books in time, while presenting a complete work that will prove, as intended, a standard work of reference in the future.

We boldly claim that such complete, exhaustive and satisfying histories of the parties have never been written, and the same care and research have been devoted to their preparation that would have been involved if months had been permissible in their composition—this only by the authors enlisting the co-operation of a large force of trained and experienced assistants for the purposes described.

The authors are both gentlemen of established reputation, and only two such experienced and trained writers could, even with the assistance indicated, have produced the works in the comparative brief period required by the emergency of publication.

The interest in their work is enhanced by the statement that both have long been in affiliation with the party whose history each writes—Colonel Knox having cast his maiden vote for the first Republican candidate (General Fremont, in 1856), while Mr. Fulton, a Southerner, imbibed Democratic principles on the old manor, Mount Erin, near Richmond, Va.

It may be added that the volumes are handsomely bound and profusely illustrated.

HABITS OF AUTHORS.

[Recollections of A. Minor Griswold.]

SAM JOHNSON'S habit was a waistcoat of enormous dimensions, knee-breeches and a wig.

Diogenes's habit was a washtub—warm in Summer and cold in Winter.

Shakespeare's habits are various. He appears in calf as often as in any other way.

Sir Walter Scott had a passion for Scotch habits.

Ben Franklin's chief habit was early rising.

Tom Moore was addicted to Wearing of the Green.

Burns appeared well in his plowman's habit.

Byron had a habit of excelling in poetry which became him very well.

John Bunyan's habit was a cell during several years of his authorship.

Daniel Lambert, although he wore but little, had a very full habit.

De Foe wore a habit which he borrowed from Alexander Selkirk. Numerous authors have appeared in borrowed habits.

MRS. LONGWEDDE—"Such a charming husband as Mrs. Von Pickel has. So tender after ten years of marriage."

MR. LONGWEDDE—"Quite natural. It would make a rhinoceros tender to be kept in hot water for ten years."



"HE SAID MY 'IDLE THOUGHTS' WERE SIMPLY RUBBISH."

in detail true or untrue, are quite beyond the pale of journalism, and, in my opinion, have no concern with it in any manner whatever."

"You have among the contributors to your magazine many Americans, have you not?"

"Yes; some of the best are Americans; Mark Twain and Luke Sharp contribute to this month's number. The latter, by the way, is a Scotchman by birthday, though domiciled since the age of four in America. I think the

HOME OF THE CHOLERA.

ONCE more from Turkestan stalks Europeward through the vast country of the czar the menacing specter of the cholera. The fact that upon this occasion it comes via Asia, suggests a reversion to its more ancient itinerary, when it almost invariably advanced upon Europe from that direction. In later years the tendency of the disease has been to spread its ravages first through Egypt and the Red Sea, thence northward.



LEAVING THEIR OLD HOMES.

As invariably happens in similar cases, the air is thick with conflicting rumors and opposing theories as to the origin and first location of the contagion. The most reliable version, I think, is that which traces it to Turbetti-Sheik-Djami, a place of minor importance on the Afghan-Persian frontier. Here it became unmistakably evident about the beginning of May, thence spreading to Meshed. This town is on the road connecting Kandahar, Herat and Askabad, and is the most important place in the north-eastern part of Persia. The deaths here quickly reached an alarmingly high average, and it was not unusual for one hundred and twenty cases to be registered in one day. Next the cholera was heard of in Askabad about June 1st. The latter town is on the Transcasian Railway, and the plague continued to follow the line of this road, in both easterly and westerly directions, its western halting place being for a time at Uzun-Ada, from whence the tide of emigration subsequently carried it still further west across the Caspian Sea to Baku, the eastern terminus of the Transcasian Railway.

Baku is a city offering peculiarly favorable conditions for disease to take root and establish itself as a permanent danger to surrounding localities. Being a railroad center, it is in constant communication with the outer world, and its further importance as the headquarters of the great petroleum industry gives it a population of nomadic workmen, few of whom may be characterized as fanatical devotees of cleanliness. They herd together in promiscuous crowds, disregarding ordinary hygienic precautions and necessarily suffering the consequences. Want of proper sanitary supervision on the part of the local authorities is moreover an old and well-founded grievance in all parts of the Russian Empire. Nowhere is the charge more justly preferred than in the case of Baku, where general filth, in and out of doors, reigns supreme. There is no adequate inspection of household dwellings, and it is customary for

once tell the tale of inexcusable neglect—floors that are never scrubbed from one year's end to the other; furniture so greased and polished from constant contact with unwashed humanity and unfumigated clothing that its regeneration seems impossible; corners of rooms into which rubbish of all kinds has been thrown, and left to accumulate indefinitely; and altogether a state of affairs specially adapted for the breeding of disease.

Along the highways of the town things are scarcely better, perhaps with the single exception that they exist in the open air instead of in the close, confined atmosphere of the interiors. The Baku street-cleaning department would receive but slight commendation should its operations be extended to America, or, to reverse the proposition, if the uniformed gangs of street-cleaners which are now familiar sights in New York were to appear on the streets of Baku, broom in hand, they would create something resembling a panic. I am not quite sure that their appearance would not galvanize the bodies of horses, mules, cats and dogs which indiscriminately litter the pavements into restored life under the impulse of sheer astonishment. In Baku, in fact, when municipal vigilance becomes aroused to the point of considering the disposal of a carcass which has been encumbering the highway several days, one or two municipal employees stand pensively on the opposite sidewalk and mutely survey the task before them for an hour or more before bracing themselves up for the mighty effort of removal. After this, it is generally considered that human endurance cannot sustain a similar effort for at least three or four weeks. Such is the sanitary atmosphere of the great petroleum center, and can anyone marvel at the result?

On the north of the Caucasus, from Baku, the cholera has gained its greatest strength in the province of Astrakhan, where a motley and ignorant population has resented from the start the efforts of the public officials to alleviate the general condition. Of course it was necessary, in the public interest, to hastily dispose of the dead bodies of victims, but the idea suddenly took possession of the people that the doctors were dooming the poor sufferers to a premature burial. Quicklime had been called into use, the coffins being filled with it prior to interment, and this was fiercely resented, as was also the removal of the sick to hospital. At Astrakhan itself the house of the governor was surrounded by a menacing mob. The



TURBETI-SHEIK-DJAMI, THE ORIGINAL STARTING-POINT OF THE CHOLERA.

shout went up: "Let us have revenge for the murder of our sick brethren!" The situation was startling, and its possibilities of danger were hourly increasing. Word dispatched to Saratoff for troops was responded to, but for at least two days Astrakhan remained under mob rule, and the crowd, advancing on the hospital building, dragged the medical superintendent and his deputy into the street, killed them and trampled the corpses under foot. Then the hospital itself was destroyed by fire. The most harrowing part of all was when the infuriated moujiks fell upon the bearers of the hospital carts, and removing the patients, carried them away to secluded places, there to treat them according to their own ideas. Believing that the doctors had poisoned the poor people these fanatics proceeded to dose them with milk, with generally fatal results. When the troops from Saratoff marched into Astrakhan they were obliged to pour volley after volley into the riotous multitudes.

The danger of the cholera spreading along the Volga is a very serious one, as this is about the time when the great Nijni-Novgorod Fair is annually held, and the great concourse of persons which always attends it would form a dangerous source of contagion. The governor of the city has exerted himself to the best of his power to allay local anxiety, and in issuing a proclamation he has taken occasion to specially warn the people against being led astray by the demagogic arts of professional schemers seeking to foment disturbance. It is claimed by the authorities of Nijni that sufficient has been done to prevent contagion, and that there is no necessity for postponing the fair, as had actually been suggested as a precaution.

Popular superstition is encouraged in Russian rural districts by the ignorant influence of the priests or village "popes," who are but too often little the superior of their flocks in intelligence. These men are apt, in the presence of a crisis, to increase the apprehension of the faithful rather

than diminish it, as they should, by sound advice and reassuring counsels of hope. An outbreak of cholera in Russia is a momentous occurrence in more ways than one, because



RUSSIAN PEASANTS REPELLING THE HEALTH OFFICERS.

it is liable to cause a suspension of industries which employ large numbers of persons, thus creating a condition of general distress. In Baku the city authorities actually cleared out, under the impulse of fear, and employers of labor closed up their factories. The position of the people can be thus easily imagined, deprived at once of the official supervision upon which they perpetually depend and of the very means of subsistence. When the Russian ruralist finds himself thus placed his first tendency is to lose hope and become generally demoralized. He is then harder to manage than ever, and, as I have shown, turns into a fanatic and a rioter. It is altogether a preposterous contrast that meets our observation, when the opposing attitudes of the authorities in Baku and the populace in Astrakhan are considered, the former refusing to adopt genuine sanitary measures and the latter being equally determined that their own officials shall not force any such regulations upon them.

Such facts as these convey some idea of the scenes enacting just now in Russia. They would prove even less reassuring to students of humanity if the truth were not borne in mind that the whole result is an outgrowth of mistaken ideas of government, which invariably invite failure in the presence of any national disaster.

Probably the most portentous news, to date, is the appearance of cholera in Samara, for there the famine got in some of its most destructive work, and if disease follows now in the wake of enfeebling want, the outlook will be gloomy indeed. It is a question, however, whether the remedy applied by the Russian authorities is not in many cases worse than the disease. In Astrakhan thousands of persons have been quarantined by the authorities and then left in this enforced condition of isolation without any provision for their proper maintenance, even water for drinking purposes being unobtainable. A truly appalling state of things, this, and one to be sincerely deplored, for it constitutes a standing reproach against officialism, and an absolute officialism at that.

Diligent precautions are being observed on the German frontiers and a cordon is established to provide for the due examination and detention, if need be, of Russian emigrants. As the disease has even appeared as far westward as France and England, the vital necessity of careful quarantine is evident. Immigration into other countries from the Orient is clearly our greatest source of danger, and doubtless whatever of the disease has already appeared in occidental climes must be justly traced to that one cause. It is imperatively the duty of Russia to confine, as far as she can, to her own territory an evil which has flourished there mainly through the fault of local governmental imperfections. The world, outside of Rus-



A STREET SCENE IN BAKU.

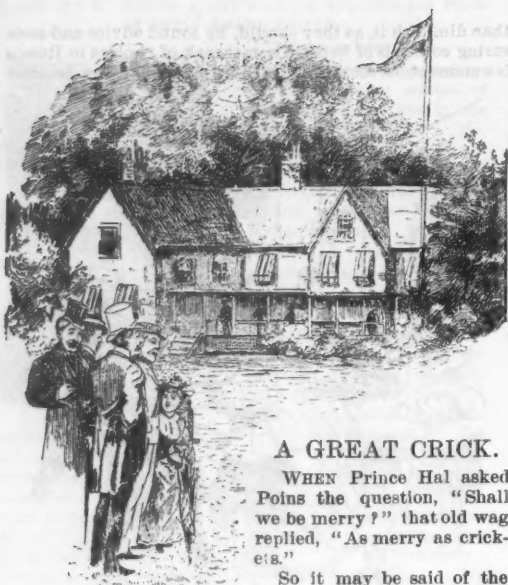
sia, possesses an undeniable right to demand this much, and in the meanwhile to adopt such measures of self-protection as the situation demands.

V. G.



FUGITIVES FROM THE CHOLERA REPELLED AT THE RUSSO-PERSIAN FRONTIER.

refuse to be thrown into the streets and for the dead bodies of animals to strew the pavement unheeded for days at a time. Whoever goes into an ordinary workman's dwelling is confronted by a series of sights and smells which at



A GREAT CRICK.

WHEN Prince Hal asked Poins the question, "Shall we be merry?" that old wag replied, "As merry as crickets."

So it may be said of the thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen of the stage who go down to Livingston, Staten Island, once each Summer.

The Thesplan Cricketers are an eleven, organized by Robert B. Mantell, and composed of actors, who think they can play the ancient and honorable game.



CAUGHT AT THE WICKET.

The "Thespians" assembled at the Staten Island ferry-house. After a sail down the bay, a short ride in the cars and a tramp in the hot sun the party arrived at the Staten Island Cricket Club grounds.

The game took place on what looked like an English lawn. There were Englishmen there, for Staten Island is the favorite home of the queen's subjects.

One by one, the Thespians make their appearance on the lawn. Some of the costumes are regulation and some are "properties." Promptly at two o'clock the game is called. There is a lively group on the clubhouse veranda, a gay crowd under the big circus-tent.

The Staten Islanders did not want to be too hard on the Thespians this Summer, so they agreed to stop after making two hundred and two runs, which they did. They might have rattled up a bigger score, but that sufficed.



HEARD THE LUNCHEON BELL.

Then the Thespians took their turn. E. A. Emery went to the bat and made forty-five runs. That rattled the Staten Islanders for a time, so they put out "Jack" McFederis and "Jack" Hollis in short order. Grant Stewart did well to make seventeen runs. "Bob" Mantell scored six runs, and then was run out. The pained look on his classic face was sad to behold. Then came "Bob" Hilliard. He expected to make at least forty runs, and scored only four. Surprised and dejected, "Bob" walked across the lawn to the clubhouse, drank a gin-fizz, took off his cricket clothes and donned a business suit. "Charlie" Kayvett had scored eleven and not out when the game suddenly stopped.

The luncheon was announced, and that's where the game always ends.

JUDGE—"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

PRISONER (haughtily)—"If I have anything to say, I'll say it in my autobiography."

HOW THE MONKEYS SPEAK TO GARNER.

THINK of a man going to Africa for the express purpose of studying the chatterings of the monkeys in the treetops!

It is now some months since Mr. R. L. Garner began studying the gibberish of apes, chimpanzees and monkey pets. He began in Charleston, S. C., then came to New York, and has since studied in Cincinnati and Chicago.

And now the gentleman has made such progress that he has set off for Central Africa that he may study the weird jabber of monkeys in their own home. He sailed recently on the *Arizona*. He had with him a lot of phonographs for recording the monkey language, or "monophone," as he says, scientifically.

According to Mr. Garner, monkeys do not speak in sentences. They utter disjointed sounds; a sound will mean some thought; if a monkey is hungry he will say a certain thing; if he is mad he will say another; but in no instance will he utter a string of sounds, all going to make up a connected thought.

Mr. Garner told me that he believed that the monkey language contained perhaps thirty words. At any rate, but few more. These words represent the thirty, more or less, thoughts that belong to the monkey's world of being. Already, Mr. Garner said, he had solved about half a dozen words.

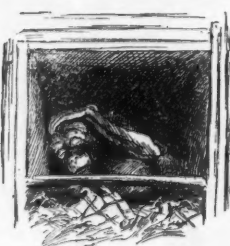
"Mr. Garner," I said, "tell me how a monkey would say, 'I am hungry.'"

"From what I have explained," said Mr. Garner, "the monkey would not be able to say, 'I am hungry.' All he could express is the general idea of hunger. In other words, he would give vent to the shriek for 'to eat.'"

"In monkey language, what?"

The professor puckered his lips; he threw his head back; he took a long breath; then, with a quick movement of the jaws, he uttered something like this:

"Wh-u-w! Wh-u-w! Wh-u-w! Wh-u-w!"



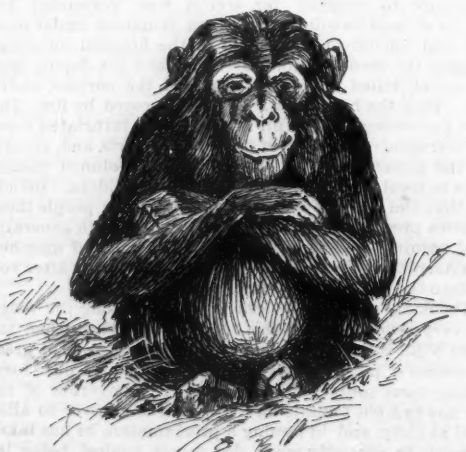
"JOKES."

The sound, so clear, so shrill, fairly took my breath away. It was plain that a monkey acting like that must be in distress of some sort.

Mr. Garner, who has made a special study of the matter, says it means that the chimpanzee is very hungry, and is wondering what is the matter with the dinner-bell. The interview continued:

"I have studied monkeys, dogs, parrots, cats, mice and many other animals," said the professor, "but I have found the monkey uses the most pronounced sounds; that is why I have decided to devote my scientific attention to the ape. For many generations men have believed, in a general way, that animals could talk; but I am the first person who has ever committed the jabberings of any beast to paper, and tried to study them out. Of course, many scoff at the idea; say it is impossible; say it is absurd; but I do not think so at all. Now, cannot a monkey think, reason, walk, feel, see, hear? Then why can it not, with equal reason, talk? Do you suppose that God ever gave an animal organs which were to be of no use? A monkey has a full set of vocal chords. What are they for? Then, too, you must remember that animals really understand each other in some fashion. The cluck-cluck of a hen means something to the brood; the neigh of a horse signifies something to its mate; the peep of the birds in the treetops is understood by the songsters. It seems reasonable, does it not?"

"It does, indeed."



CENTRAL PARK'S LARGEST APE.

"Of course, it does. The idea, then, is to obtain some means of jotting down the sounds, and then studying them out in private. My experiments have convinced me of the success of the phonograph. I first operated on a monkey in Washington; but the experiment met with little success. I then took the sounds the monkey had jabbered into the phonograph, reproduced them with

the voice, and, strange as it will appear, the beast appeared to understand! Then I took the phonograph over to Chicago, and whirled it off beside a monkey-cage there. Would you believe it? The Chicago monkey understood the phonograph talk of the Washington monkey! He capered around, looked into the funnel of the machine, trying to discover where the beast was which did the talking. It was very gratifying, I assure you. In June I went to the Cincinnati Zoo to operate on my friends, 'Pat Rooney' and 'Mrs. Rooney.' 'Mrs. Rooney' would sprawl on the floor and give forth a piteous ejaculation, which I interpreted to mean fear. But 'Pat' would have nothing to do with me. So from 'Mrs. Rooney' I learned a word in monkey dialect."

"What will be demonstrated by the science of monkey talk?"

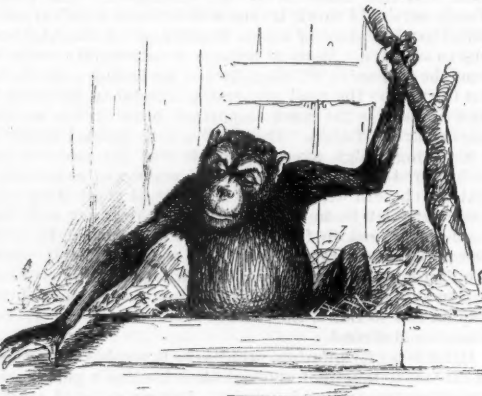
"Well, it will throw light upon the much-mooted problems of the evolution of the race. If it be a fact that the present inhabitants of the globe come of monkey ancestry, the fact that there will be some rudimentary suggestiveness in the roots of speech will, to my mind, go a long way toward proving the common origin of the race. Of course, the problem is surrounded by grave scientific difficulties. It will not be easy to get the jabber of wild monkeys in the treetops. Then, too, once the weird sounds are obtained, it will be necessary to translate them before they can be of any use. Altogether, it is a hard task. If possible, I shall attempt to solve it in the fastnesses of Central Africa."

"Do you propose catching the monkeys?"

"In some instances, yes; in others, no; at any rate, my first endeavor will be to study the wild, untrammelled sounds, so to speak. Now, it is oftentimes difficult, in civilization, to tell just what sounds are native to the beasts and what are acquired. You know, of course, a monkey is very apt at imitations. At Cincinnati the apes will put on napkins at dinner, and gravely eat their food with knife and fork. They utter, too, sounds I am convinced they



"MR. ROONEY."



"MRS. ROONEY."

have picked up by ear; the most incessant talker I ever knew in the land of monkeys is a pet named 'Jokes.' Yet 'Jokes' was a very poor specimen from which to learn anything; so many of his sounds had been picked up around the house. It is my belief, too, that monkeys of one race cannot understand those of another family, and vice versa; they cannot learn to speak, I mean. They do not seem to care, either. One of my best pets was a little beast named 'Jack.' One day I was feeding 'Jack' some milk; he made a spring at me. I showed him that I was master. Since that time 'Jack' has been a very good teacher for me."

"And how are monkeys caught?"

"By means of ship rum. The traveler goes, early in the morning, to the haunt where the monkeys are jabbering in the treetops. He has with him some rum sweetened with sugar. This he pours into gourds, and buries them at the tree's base. Pretty soon the monkeys, smelling the rum, begin to scamper down the trees. The gourds have purposely been buried quite deep, so that the monkey has to stoop over to get the coveted liquor. Well, the result is that the fumes of the powerful drug soon overcome him, for all the while he is keeping his nose stuck down in the gourd. He is dead drunk, lifeless. He rolls on the grass. He is our easy prey then."

"More monkey talk?"

"What phrase?"

"Oh, anything; say this: 'I want a drink.' The ship rum, you know."

The professor:

"Kh-u-w! Kh-u-w! Kh-u-w! Kh-u-w!"

"Now, then, say, 'I am very angry.' The next morning, you know."

The professor:

"Ecck! Ecck!! Ecck!!! Ecck!!!! ECGK!!!!!"

The scribe:

"! ! ! ! !"



"JACK."



It has long been a subject of wonder and remark that to become American has a quickening and improving effect upon human beings, and now it would seem that even inanimate objects are improved by the mere fact of becoming part and parcel of our national belongings. The big ocean steamer *City of Paris* has long been known as a remarkably fast boat, but no sooner had Congress passed the law admitting her and her sister ship to American registry than she, without even waiting to get under the Stars and Stripes, proceeded to make the most remarkable westward run on record. Well, this country can stand a great deal of that sort of thing; we want the best of everything, and won't be satisfied with anything short of it.

In the meantime, we have been building and launching the great warship *Columbia*, which will undoubtedly be the fastest large naval vessel afloat, and we have done it without any assistance from foreign manufacturers or designers. Her duty, in case of war, will be to sweep the enemy's merchant marine from the ocean, and now that the *City of Paris* is to be ours, there is nothing afloat which the new "pirate" will not be able to overtake. It isn't necessary to wish for war just because we are getting some good war material, but when we contemplate our new navy and our big guns which are being built, it is quite permissible to feel like the Western school-teacher who caressed a big switch, and remarked: "I'd rather go without my dinner than wallup a boy, but, Great Scott! what a comfort it is to feel that I've got the stuff to do it with if the job should have to be done!"

Many good people, as well as some who make no pretension to goodness, have wondered from time to time, when the "commerce-destroyer" was described and discussed, what need there was in war for the destruction of commerce. On land the modern army goes through the enemy's country without inflicting any more damage to the property of non-combatants than is actually necessary for military purposes; it even grants "safeguards" to private property. A ship carrying material which is not contraband of war, and between ports which are not within the borders of either nation which are at war, is quite as harmless as a factory ashore, no matter what flag she may chance to fly. The bottom fact of commerce-destroying is that the threat of it is one of the most powerful preventers of war, and the fact that a lot of merchant ships are destroyed merely because they float the flag of one of the contending powers is sure to make a strong peace-at-any-price party in the enemy's own country. To destroy the merchant marine of a great commercial nation—England, for instance—would be to injure and weaken that nation far more than the bombarding and destruction of half a dozen cities could do. Before our Civil War the United States was almost the greatest of nations on the seas; but the Confederate privateers dealt us a blow from which we never recovered, although there were but two or three of them. We are not likely to forget that costly lesson; neither is any other nation which now owns thousands of ships and may be inclined to knock a chip off of our shoulder.

Recent freaks of lightning in the eastern half of the Union have prepared the public to believe almost anything about the unseen power which works strange and inexplicable results without a second's notice. People were killed under trees which were not injured; some houses were burned, while others were destroyed without a sign of fire, and one man is said to have a permanent photograph printed on his body. If the agnostics were to turn their attention to electricity instead of theology, what a dark, deep hole they would find themselves in! To believe nothing which one cannot understand may seem sound in the face of abstract theories, but the cold and hot facts of electricity, which no one understands, can't be disposed of in any such light and airy manner.

Among the curiosities of crime is an analysis recently made, by a physician who has long been attached to a great prison, of the effect of years upon wrongdoers. According to him, nearly one-third of the convicts sent in the last sixty years to the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania were between twenty and twenty-five years of age at the time their crimes were committed. There is a marked diminution in the proportion of criminals among persons between twenty-five and thirty and a still greater one between thirty and thirty-five. The natural inference is that crime in general is the result of imperfection and lack of self-control rather than of deliberate intention—an inference which ought to be very cheering to the moralist and religious teacher as well as to the families which contain troublesome members. The physician's deductions do not agree with those of the police officials, who almost everywhere insist that "once a criminal, always a criminal," but perhaps in the Pennsylvania institution, where the observations were made, the treatment of the inmates is not of a nature to confirm all their bad habits and teach them new ones, which is alleged to be the result of State-prison life in general. The authority alluded to says further that the crimes committed by middle-aged persons are mostly those which can be most secretly and safely followed, and that the offenses of later life are those which may in general be attributed to deterioration of the mental and moral machinery; a large proportion of embezzlers and defaulters are men of middle age and good standing in the community, but they are also persons who have "thought crooked" so long that they are powerless at last to resist temptation when the mind as well as the

body begins to feel the weakening influence of age. There is material for a great many sermons in these facts and figures.

THE "ONCE A WEEK" LIBRARY.

A VERY DRAMATIC STORY THAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ AT THIS TIME.

"Will Ackroyd's Socialism," by Edith Kenyon, contains a sketch of the industrial situation in England, and is a charming novel full of striking situations, sprightly conversation and very pertinent and practical illustrations of just what can be done to minimize the inequalities existing between employer and employed. The feverish excitement of the public mind in this country consequent upon the Homestead trouble and the anarchistic and Pinkerton episodes—this unhealthy and disquieting disturbance will be much relieved by the perusal of "Will Ackroyd's Socialism" by the ONCE A WEEK constituency



AT HOMESTEAD—SERVING WRITS OF EVICTION AMONG THE LOCKED-OUT WORKMEN.

in every State and Territory of the Union. No individual corporate employer of labor in the country but should read this work. We shall do all we can to place it in the hands of every self-respecting artisan and laborer in the United States. We earnestly urge upon all our friends to help us place it in the hands of every reader in his or her neighborhood.

In addition to its bearing upon the industrial problem just now confronting us, "Will Ackroyd's Socialism" gives a practical view of the social reform movement. The possibilities for good of all intelligent efforts in the direction of tenement-house reform and the assistance of the poor toward self-help are also clearly and entertainingly reasoned out and illustrated.

While being a timely book, however, we assure the novel-reader pure and simple that surprise in plot, sensible and rational love-making and all the essentials of a first-class story are of a high and exceptional order of literary merit in "Will Ackroyd's Socialism." It will be published in ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY, Vol. IX., Nos. 18 and 19.

CAPITAL AND LABOR AT HOMESTEAD.

(Continued from page 3.)

are looking forward to the day when they will be great capitalists themselves. They eschew labor organizations. If these men lose their jobs, they face the world alone because they are so constituted. But modern conditions would not be if all workmen were such as these. Skilled mechanics would not be so numerous. They would not congregate at given manufacturing centers. From lack of mutual interchange of ideas laborers and artisans would not be so skillful, so mutually helpful as they are.

Then again individuals, firms and corporations who are employers are so wealthy and powerful nowadays that there would not be the least semblance of that equality so necessary between the two contracting parties—labor and capital—if the employer always dealt with individuals. This, we submit, is the condition which confronts us.

IV.

Anarchism has intruded itself into this purely American incident; but the Homestead workmen do not propose to settle the dispute on anarchistic lines. Carnegie and the "Amalgamated" both have room and protection under our glorious flag.



ALEXANDER BERKMANN, MR. PRICE'S ASSAILANT.

We aim, in conclusion, to see what of human nature and human aspiration there is in the Homestead affair. Is it proposed to break up, crush or humiliate the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers? Is the great Homestead plant to lie in forced idleness, because

of the whole country. Has either Frick or the "Amalgamated" absolute authority in this country? Or at Homestead? Or in the settlement of the industrial problem in the United States?

Politics aside, the country has long claimed the right and performed the duty of building up American industries by means of a protective tariff. What rights have corporations except by virtue of their charter? Then, how can they be absolute in matters which have a momentous "public interest"? Congress may constitutionally take cognizance of the Homestead affair.

By another step forward—and in the interest of true progress, we sincerely believe—Congress, the nation, may justly claim the right to control and guard against all such possible contingencies; as, for example, the following: The railroad strike of 1877, which brought nothing but loss to all parties concerned, including the country at large; the Whiteley Reaper factory strike, in Springfield, O., in 1886, which was ruled by a feeling little short of

madness; the great McCormick Reaper factory strike leading up to the Haymarket riots and killing in Chicago, and the present Homestead trouble, which, in the light of all the facts, is absolutely uncalled for, which never had a reason to begin, but, having begun, where will it, and its demoralizing tendency, end?

We do not want paternalism. We aim to look forward, not backward. The American Union can prevent these things—and the Union alone is able. A railroad strike never interfered with the United States mail-car! This great corporation at Homestead need not care if the plant is laid in heaps of ashes and twisted iron and steel. Allegheny County is "good" for it!

We must here reiterate what ONCE A WEEK affirmed under date of May 17, 1892. "Railroad and steamboat companies have valuable franchises formally conferred upon them in the State, and for that reason they submit to State control and regulation. But we must not forget that a greater power than the State—modern civilization itself—has given 'franchises' no less valuable to other enterprises of great pith and moment in this our day. All powerful enterprises will do well to enter into partnership with the State, so as not to lord it over the people. Power is very tempting; the people will not submit to exactions."

AFLOAT AMONG THE LILIES.

(See page 2.)

THE moon is bright on the river reaches—
A sickle moon in a hazy sky;
The wind is low in the boughs of beeches,
And the cricket's song is a lullaby,
As we dreamily glide, my love and I,
Down the sinuous current, softly flowing;
Around us the languid lilies lie,
In the tender moonlight glowing.

The heart of the night too sweet for speech is,
And we only know that the moment's fly;
A trustful hand in the hand of each is,
As we dreamily glide, my love and I,
O'er meads that ripple with waves of rye
From kine astray comes a plaintive lowing,
The long reeds rustle, and bend, and sigh,
In the tender moonlight glowing.

Love is the tale that a lone note teaches,
As we dreamily glide, my love and I,
A lone note dropped from a bower that pleaches
A nook for trysting where none may spy.
Love gleams in the beams of the moon on high,
And "love" breathe the winds that are blandly blowing,
And love looks out from her face so high,
In the tender moonlight glowing. CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

August 7—Sunday—"The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth."—St. John, II. 8.

August 8—Monday—"A merry heart goes all the day. Your sad tires in a mile-a."—Shakespeare.

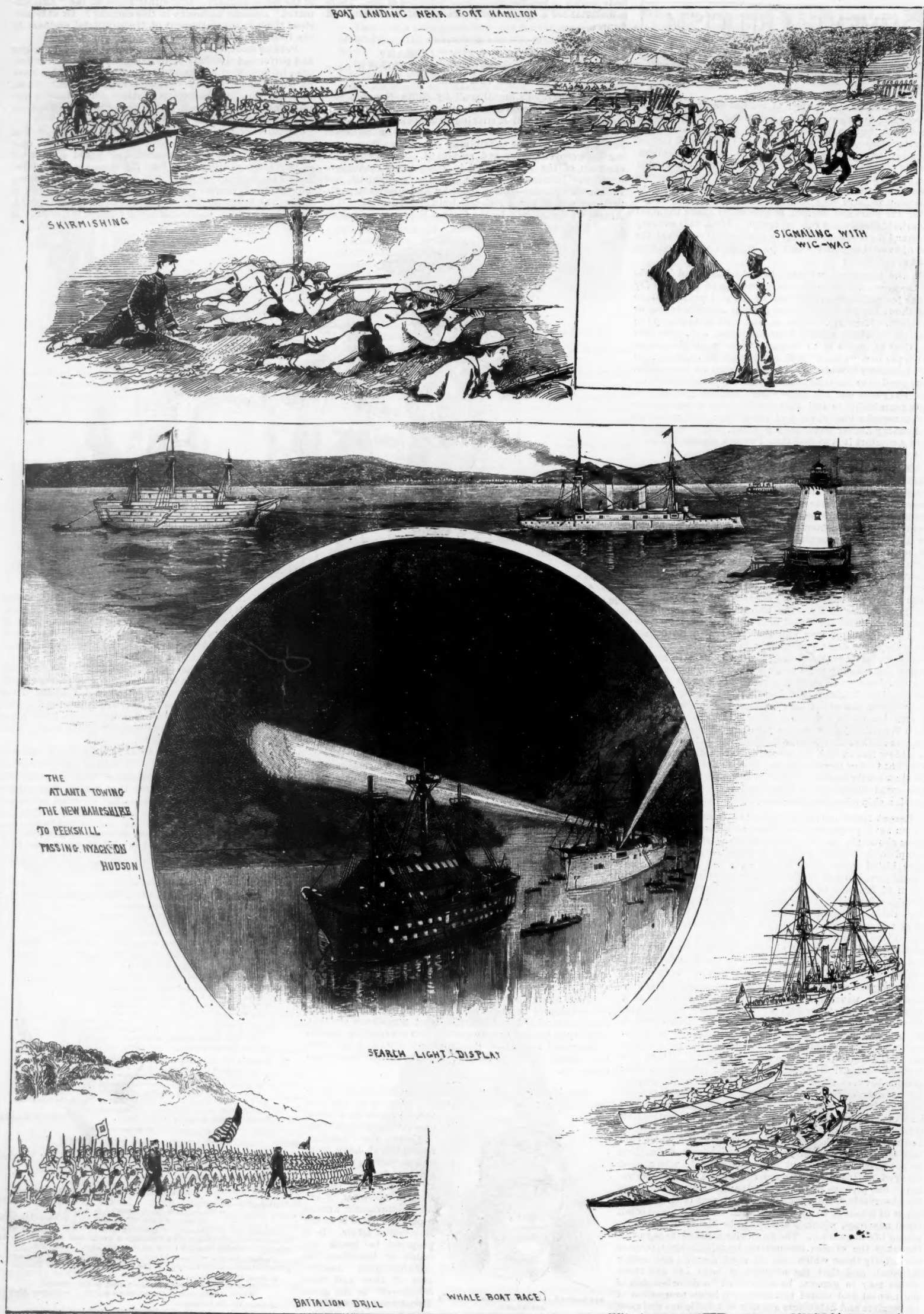
August 9—Tuesday—"To-morrow cannot make or mar. To-day, whatever the day be."—Owen Meredith.

August 10—Wednesday—"Readers are of two sorts. There is a reader who carefully goes through a book, and there is a reader who as carefully lets the book go through him."—Jerrold.

August 11—Thursday—"What we call the spirit of the age, our grandfathers called the end of the world."—Jean Paul Richter.

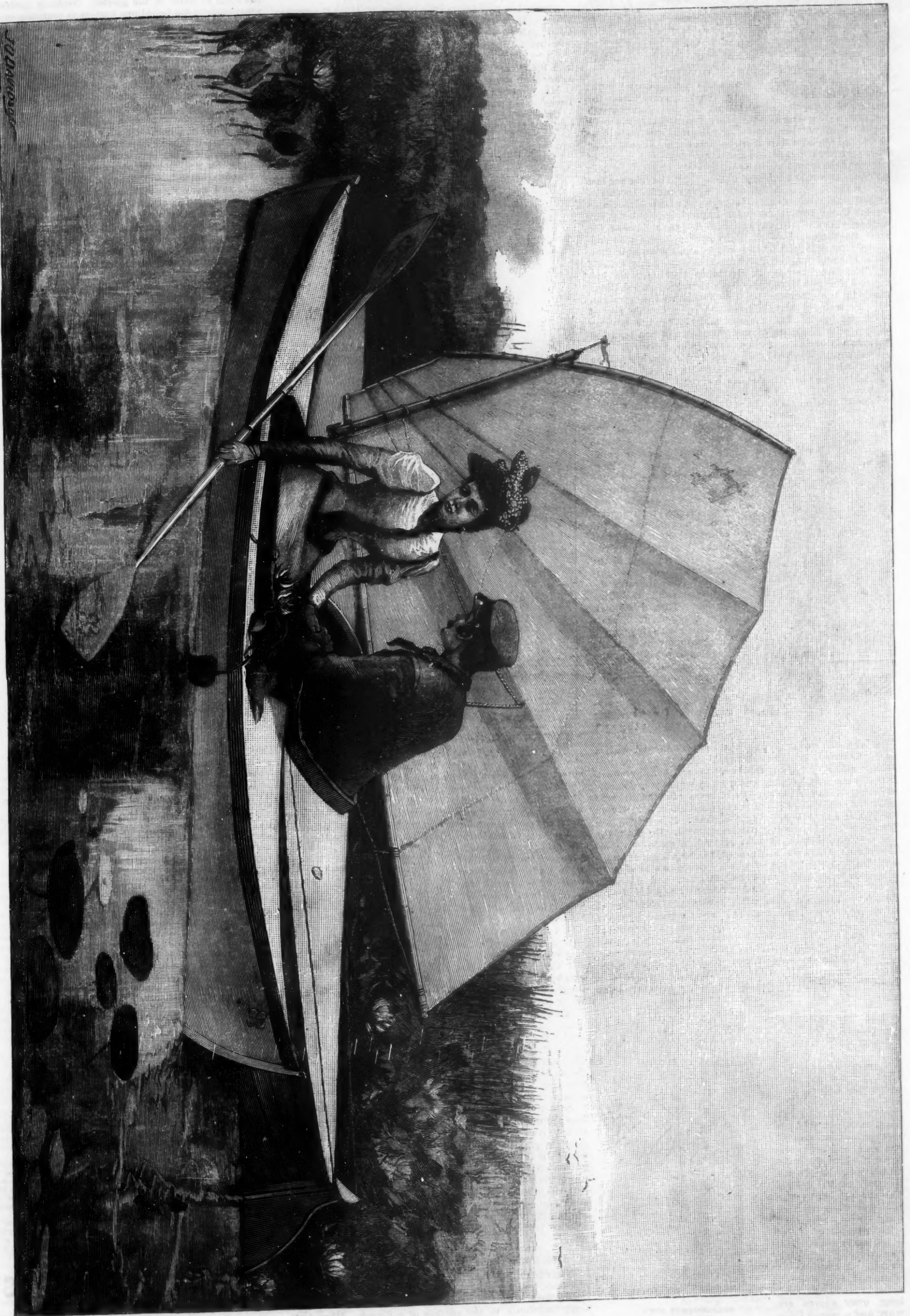
August 12—Friday—"How many a thing which we cast to the ground, When others pick it up becomes a gem!"—George Meredith.

August 13—Saturday—"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. These three alone lead life to sovereign power: And, because right is right, to follow right Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."—Tennyson.



SKETCHES OF A WEEK'S MANEUVERS BY THE NAVAL RESERVES.

(See page 14.)



A PROPOSAL AMONG THE LILIES.
[Dedicated to the American Canoe Association.—See Poem by Clinton Scollard, p. 7.]



SOME AUGUST GOWNS.

JULY at the watering places is a preparatory month; merely a hint of the glories to come. August brings the real whirl of gayety and pleasure. My lady, comprehending this fact, keeps all the smartest and prettiest frocks for the height of the season. By degrees she leads up to the grand transformation scene, and so the August races, boating and garden-parties and dances take on a degree of gorgeous color and richness of apparel which July does not see. It would seem as if Fashion were having her last mad whirl in these sultry days. Every mode, eccentric, artistic and outré, seems to be part and parcel of woman's dress. Color runs riot; most impossible combinations appear, and the woman who can design and wear the most startling and bedazzling costume is she who succeeds. But amid the motley procession, the humble-jumble of hue and cut, one distinguishes, occasionally, artistic and becoming frocks. A charming evening-gown just finished for Bar Harbor is of pearl-gray crepe de Chine made in the simplest possible fashion. The straight, slightly trained skirt is bordered by a double row of black jet beads. The corselet and sleeves are of gray chiffon with a design of marguerites, and are trimmed with bands of black satin ribbon. The bodice is modestly low and finished with a deep frill of gray chiffon dotted with black beads. Gray suede gloves are worn and a black and gray gauze fan is carried.

A dust-cloak is now considered indispensable by the woman of fashion. For concealing and protecting a hand-



DUST-CLOAK.

some racing costume, it cannot be excelled. A smart dust-cloak may also be used for evening wear. It must be long, ample and loose, of some soft silk, easy to slip on and off. The delicate hues, pink, green, mauve, turquoise and lemon, are the colors selected. A great deal of lace and many ribbons are employed in the construction of these garments. An admirable design is shown in the illustration. This dust-cloak is of banana surah, scattered over with tiny mauve chrysanthemums. It is laid in deep plaits at the back, and falls like a circular in front. A deep pelerine of handsome lace and a bow of mauve satin ribbon give the crowning touch to this elegant wrap.

If you are going to the river or seaside, and wish a gown in which you may always look "ship-shape and trim," model it after this very smart boating-gown. This, by the way, is not a costume in which you can row or lounge about on the sands. It is only for the girl who intends to sit in the stern of the boat and look tenderly on the young man who is doing the work. It is very appropriate for small yachting parties as well. Do not make the mistake, though, of wearing such a costume to the mountains, where the slightest detail smacking of nautical affairs is sadly out of place. The gown is of gray serge, of absolutely unimpeachable cut and fit. The skirt is bordered with a band of white serge, headed with narrow gold braid. The sash, revers and cuffs are of white serge, as is the vest, the latter crossed by many bands of gold braid. Dainty gold anchors give a nautical finish, and a sailor hat of gray straw with a white band, and white suede gloves complete this stunning costume.

But it is at the garden-party that my lady dares the most original and bewildering styles. Here is a costume which was recently imported for a Saratoga belle

and which bears the unmistakable French stamp. The skirt is of the richest black mervilleux made perfectly plain. The bodice and huge puffed short sleeves are of pale-pink crepe de Chine. The bodice is pointed and trimmed with a black satin band. A V of the mervilleux is set about the neck, and below is a fichu of white silk tulle which only a French woman could design. The hat to be worn with this chic costume is of gray straw trimmed with many loops of black satin ribbon and faced with pale-pink chiffon. A sunshade of white silk tulle embroidered in black is carried, long, gray gloves are worn and a jaunty little bag of the mervilleux, lined with pink, dangles by black satin ribbon from one arm.



GARDEN-PARTY GOWN.

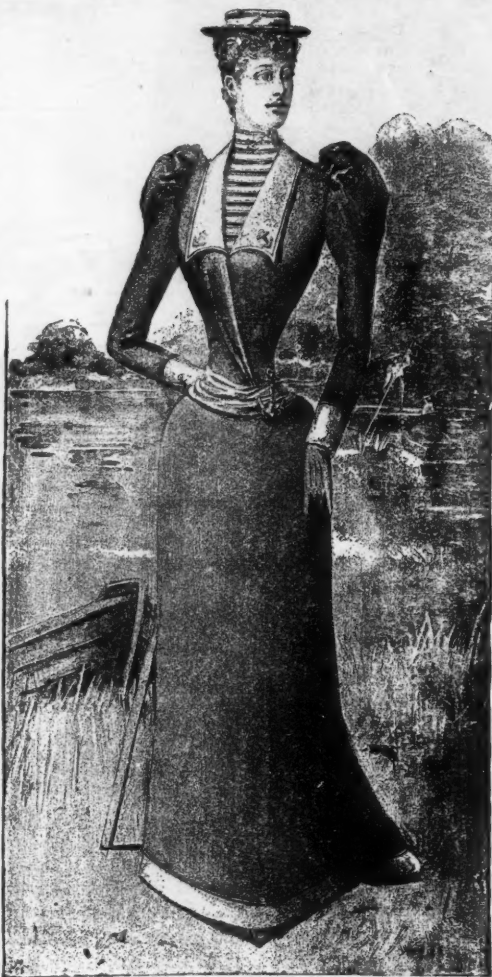
FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

THERE is an epidemic of colored velvet sleeves in light gowns. Mauve velvet sleeves in a lavender crepe de Chine gown, pale-rose velvet in a gray frock and yellow velvet with black tulle are all exceedingly smart.

Three rows of inch-wide black satin ribbon set half an inch apart from each other round the skirt are a little newer than the silk ruches.

Many women are wearing bracelets above the elbow. The style is rather effective with Empire gowns.

Crimson and red are passé. These yelling colors have vanished from Summer millinery and dress.



BOATING-GOWN.

The Eton jacket is rapidly losing its identity in that of the Bolero. These little sleeveless jackets made up in velvet will be greatly worn with Autumn gowns.

Frisled skirts are threatening the fashionable woman. The insidious little ruffles have crept to the knee. It is to be hoped their encroachments will be checked there, as nothing is so distressing as a gown frilled to the waist.

The very latest Parisian combination is dark-blue and emerald-green. A dark-blue crepon is trimmed with dark-green velvet, or a dark-blue silk may have sleeves, collar and skirt ruching of green velvet.

If you wish to show off your rare pieces of china to the best advantage, put them in a cabinet made simply of shelves lined and backed with white quilted satin.

Figured black grenadines made up over colored silk are the most useful dresses just now. They are good enough for the most brilliant function, and yet sedate enough for small affairs.

Sofa and chair-cushions are made of biscuit-tinted suede embroidered in gold thread and edged with frills of golden-brown silk. A pretty blotter is made of catkin-green satin and embroidered with the motto, "The feather whence thy pen was shaped dropped from an angel's wing."

NOVELTIES IN TABLE DECORATIONS.

NEXT to culinary perfection and a judicious assortment of guests, nothing adds more to a dinner-table than artistic decorations. The linen, the silver, the lights, the flowers—all contribute to the success of a dinner. Many hostesses are using brocade cloths in silk. These come in light creams, pinks and greens. Sometimes a strip of damask embroidered in daisies or daffodils is placed over

the cloth in front of the guests. Nothing, however, is so acceptable to the fastidious hostess as perfectly pure white drapery. Cover a table with the finest of damask finished with drawn work. Have the table-center of yellow corded silk, the length of the table and twenty inches in width. Let the center ornament be a large silver bowl filled with red and yellow roses and maiden-hair ferns. Have a few silver vases at intervals down the table filled with the same flowers, and the fruits in old-fashioned silver dishes. Let the candle-shades be of yellow roses and throw a few floating rose-leaves in the finger-bowls. The menu card should be in the shape of a rose. Or fill three large bowls of light-green glass with pink carnations and feathery asparagus. Have smaller vases here and there filled similarly. The dessert-mats should be of pale-green silk embroidered with pink carnations. Finger-bowls should be of green glass and there should be small, green dishes filled with pink sweets. The candle-shades should be of pink carnations and the menu cards green with bunches of pink carnations and silver lettering. Nothing makes a table look prettier or cooler on these hot nights than a centerpiece of illuminated ice. At a recent dinner the centerpiece was a circular tower, made of blocks of ice and illuminated by electricity from within. It stood upon a white metal slab, frosted with ground glass. The decorations were of frosted ivy and holly, thrown carelessly here and there upon the tablecloth. And like a well of living water in a dry and thirsty land was this bit of Winter on a midsummer night.

MISS MAB.

MAB has a slender hand,
White taper fingers, and
Wrist where the blue veins stand

Clear as on agate;
When she goes out to drive
In her T-cart at five,
She has a steed that's "live"

Smartly to drag it,
Though she is sweetly fair,
Mab has a haughty air—
Hers from some debonaire,
Stately ancestors;
Richly with shares and stocks,
And a deep money-box,
Gold as her golden locks,
Fortune has blessed her.

Mab has adorners fond,
Being a belle and blonde;
Wealth, to some, charms beyond
Other attractions!

But I would bow to her,
Truly her worshiper,
If her possessions were
Decimal fractions.

Though I am rich in rhyme,
And am the "heir of time,"
Why should I say that I'm
Sad she's an heiress,
Since the next moon will be
Honey-moon over sea
Rising for her and me
Gayly in Paris?

HEALTHY SUMMER DRINKS.

Put about one-fourth of a teaspoonful of common bread soda into a tumbler, nearly fill the tumbler with clear spring-water (if iced, so much the better); lastly, put about one teaspoonful of acetic acid, or vinegar, or a portion of a sliced lemon into the tumbler and stir the mixture. Drink it while it is effervescent. This draught can be taken as often as one feels thirsty.

Having put a little bread soda and water into a tumbler, add a teaspoonful of citric acid to the mixture. Stir, and drink while effervescent. This is a medicinal lemonade, and is a purifier of the blood, and a wholesome, exhilarating beverage.

Agreeable drinks can readily be made from ripe fruits, such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, blueberries, raisins, or even from apples and pears, by maceration, and adding a little brown sugar or molasses. For this purpose pour boiling water on the fruit (if apples or pears they must be peeled and sliced) in a large basin, stir well for a few minutes till the fruit is well blended, then add some brown sugar or molasses, and allow the entire to cool. Then strain and bottle up for use when required, taking care to cork the bottles. Ice before using. It is necessary that the fruits should be ripe.

Put a tablespoonful of honey into some alcohol (as much as will render the honey solid); add as much water as will fully dissolve the solid: a most delicious and wholesome beverage is the result. The water need not be heated. In this instance the sugar of the honey is changed by the alcohol into grape sugar, which is soluble in water. The alcohol has produced fermentation, and thus prepared this liquid for the stomach; otherwise, feather-white wine would be formed, and this would be fermented in the stomach, and be injurious.



Oily Sallow Skin After using your Complexion Brush for six weeks I have surprised myself and my friends with a healthy complexion.

Wrinkles A lady sixty years old has succeeded in removing the wrinkles from her neck, and many other ladies have caused them to disappear from their faces by using our Complexion Brush regularly.

Development A handsome neck is one of the principal points of beauty in woman. A lady tells us of a friend who has developed a thin, spare neck to one of roundness and beauty by the regular use of our Complexion Brush.

For Bathing It will be found old and young. THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH by their compact arrangement remove the dead cuticle and increase the circulation wonderfully.

The above is what Ladies tell us Bailey's Rubber

COMPLEXION BRUSH

has done for them and it will do as much for you.

The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Catalogue mailed Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



[Each Department written by a Recognized Authority.]
WITH THE RUNNERS AND TROTTERS.

THERE has been a lot of in and out running on the big tracks this season, much of which the Board of Control has failed to notice. It was expected, however, after the patrol judge, Mr. Chris Fitzgerald, had reported the peculiar running of the horse Leonawell to the stewards of the Monmouth Park Association, that some action would be taken in the matter. The stewards, in turn, reported to the board, but the latter body could see nothing wrong in the colt's performances and gave his bookmaker-owner, Orlando Jones, a clean bill. Now, I want to say right here that bookmakers should not be permitted to run horses on the tracks at which they shout the odds. It is one of the greatest evils of the turf and should be summarily dealt with by the Board of Control. The running of a bookmaker's horse in a race admits of too much fraud on the part of that bookmaker, for he can lay up against his horse whether or not the animal is capable of winning. If he be capable and is restrained by the jockey, or "doctored" in the stable, the "bookie" can take in a lot of money which is lost to the better the moment it goes into the box. If the turf is to be kept pure you must abolish the bookmaker-owner.

Banquet again showed himself a game little horse in the Navesink Handicap when he took up 116 pounds and beat Stockton, Demuth, Equity and Reckon at one mile and a half in 2:34 1-2. It was a finish of the ding-dong order, and though Banquet swerved badly at the end, he lasted long enough to win by a head from Stockton.

Taral was on Demuth in the Navesink Handicap, instead of the stable jockey Murphy, and all the money the Ehret faction bet on their horse was burned up. Taral didn't ride near as good a race on Demuth as Murphy did when he pushed Poet Scout home in the Shrewsbury Handicap. The Ehret people are trying to persuade Murphy to cancel his engagement with them for \$3,000. This the great jockey very properly refuses to do, as his contract calls for \$15,000 for the season. Isaac Murphy is probably the richest jockey in the world. Though not yet thirty-five years old he has saved upward of a quarter of a million dollars, much of which is invested in Kentucky property. He is a very intelligent, good-looking negro, and is married to a beautiful octoroon.

Brighton's two champions are the two-year-old colt Morello, and the five-year-old horse Lord Dalmeny. The latter is a brother to Lady Violet, probably the best filly of the year. These two Brighton cracks win two or three races a week at the track by the sea. Lord Dalmeny is already credited with six wins, and looks good enough to run away with that many more.

Racing at Saratoga is under way, and though no sensational contests have as yet been recorded, the sport has been very good. The best horses are still at Monmouth, but in a few days some of the larger stables will ship part of their strings to the Springs. "Horse Haven," as Saratoga is known to horsemen the country over, is one of the best places hereabouts to rest a tired or sick horse. "Mike" Dwyer never fails to send some of his nags there during August.

Azra had only one competitor for the time-honored Travers stakes at Saratoga, and that one, Ronald, could not make the son of Reform gallop hard, the mile and a half being run in the slow time of 2:43 3-4. Nick led the youngsters home in the Flash stakes, one giving him a grand tussle down the stretch. Pick won by half a length, running the half-mile in 49 1-4 seconds.

GOLD AND BLACK.

GOOD WORK ON THE DIAMOND.

The work of strengthening the weaker League nines has been pretty effectually accomplished, with the possible exception of St. Louis. The Baltimoreans undoubtedly have had the best of the new timber secured from the Western League, and under the able management of "Ned" Hanlon are now giving some of their rivals a hard game to beat. The New Yorks are also surprising their friends by winning regularly by good playing. And right here it may be well to say that their new lease on life began the moment "Buck" Ewing left the team and Manager Powers assumed control.

The Philadelphias and Brooklynns are having it hot and heavy for the lead. The Quakers have been playing a strong winning game for the last six weeks and are keeping up the pace with a persistency that may result in their carrying off the flag. The Brooklynns, however, are decidedly in this race, and with careful handling, may surprise their most ardent admirers. Then, again, it isn't wise to overlook the champions from Boston. The Beaneaters are now in charge of "Mike" Kelly instead of "Billy" Nash, and they are coming along so fast that it is only a question of a week or ten days when they will be up among the leaders.

I will predict now that the second season's pennant will go to one of these three clubs—Boston, Philadelphia or Brooklyn. The other clubs, especially Cleveland and Cincinnati, will play good ball; but they haven't the stamina to make a strong finish.

"Tony" Mullane, the Cincinnati pitcher, has made himself the laughing stock of the baseball world by his refusal to accept the salary cut, as arranged by President John T. Brush. Mullane, as it is, is entitled to sixty dollars a game, or one hundred and twenty dollars a week (two games in six days is all that is required of him); but he has refused this and has gone upon the variety stage as

a song-and-dance artist, at one hundred dollars a week. The joke of it is that his theatrical manager, only a week ago, repudiated his contract with Mullane, and now "Tony" is high and dry on the rocks of financial distress. Mullane is too near-sighted to see that his case is like those of all other League ball-players, and that to accept the inevitable is the only proper thing in these days of the magnates' iron rule.

President Byrne, chairman of the National Board, expressed satisfaction at the double-season schedule to me the other day. He said that the renewed interest in baseball at Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis and Louisville was sufficient proof that the scheme had proved successful and would be adopted again next year. THE TWIRLER.

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

Jacob Schaefer and George Slosson, the billiardists, are under the weather in Paris. Schaefer will probably return to New York at once, but Slosson is going to recuperate at Marienbad.

The French giant, Appolon, has met his master in the German wrestler, Ernest Roeber. In a match at Greco-Roman wrestling for one thousand dollars a side, decided in this city, Roeber gained two falls out of three, and this despite the fact that Appolon stands six feet two inches and weighs 265 pounds. Roeber is a head shorter and weighs 180 pounds.

Another Australian boxer has come to the front in the person of George Dawson, who gained a victory over "Danny" Needham. The match, which was for two thousand dollars, was decided at the California Athletic Club, and lasted twenty-nine rounds. Seventeen thousand people witnessed the encounter.

F. H. Hovey, of Harvard, was the winner of the championship round at the Longwood Tennis Tournament which I wrote about last week. He met Edward L. Hall, of New York, and in one of the best matches of the season defeated the holder 6-3, 7-5, 1-6, 4-6, 6-2. Hovey played a grand game, and will, in all probability, be a strong favorite for the All Comers match to be decided at Newport.

The tennis experts are now at Southampton, Long Island, competing for the massive silver trophy of the Meadow Club.

"Ollie" Campbell, the champion of America, is not having an easy time of it on the other side of the Atlantic. In the tennis contest at Newcastle, England, Ernest Renshaw, owing fifteen, beat the American champion, owing half of fifteen, by a score of two sets to love. Campbell is never at his best until late in the Summer.

With the exception of Steinitz, Tschigorin, Gunsberg and perhaps one or two others, the chess experts of the world are engaged in the International Tournament at Dresden, Germany. After a fortnight's play Tarrasch is the leader, with eight and a half games won, Blackburne, Winawer and Makowitz coming next, with seven games each. The American, Mason, is fourth, with six games won.

The whist tournament is over, and the hundreds of exponents of the game who attended the first congress of the American League in this city have returned to their respective homes. Many changes were made in the playing rules. The contest for the Hamilton trophy resulted in a tie. Fourteen clubs began play; but, as each club lost two games, it was obliged to drop out, and the contest finally narrowed down to the Capital and Milwaukee Clubs. These two clubs tied with twenty-four hands, then tied again with sixteen. The players were too tired to continue, and it was agreed to abandon the contest and leave the disposition of the trophy to the executive committee for this year. Each club will probably hold the trophy for six months. The next congress will be held at Chicago.

Josh Ward, aged sixty-five, and one time champion oarsman of the world, has not yet forgotten how to pull a boat. In a race on the Hudson recently Josh and his nephew beat four other members of the family in double sculls.

The *Vanessa*, one of the prettiest of Mr. Herreshoff's designs in yachts, was badly beaten at Boston recently by the *Alpha*, *Catspaw* and *Trush*. It was in a speed race for twenty-one footers of the Hull-Corinthian Club of Hull, and Mr. Herreshoff was at the helm of the *Vanessa*. The wind was light.

The Atlantic Yacht Club had its annual cruise last week, and after rendezvousing at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, sailed to Black Rock, Conn., to Morris Cove, to New London and thence to Shelter Island where there were some impromptu races. The boats taking part in the cruise included the flagship *Water Witch* (Commodore David Banks), *Tigress*, *Athlon*, *Gulnare*, *Peguin*, *Concord*, *Notus*, *Daphne*, *Rival*, *Annie*, *Aglala*, *Una*, *Gunhilde* and *Vedette*. The cruise lasted six days and was the most successful held by this popular Brooklyn club.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR REGATTA.

The aquatic event of the season was held at Saratoga, when the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen decided its twentieth annual regatta. Rowing men from every State in the Union took part, and though the racing was not altogether satisfactory, owing to the rather bungling manner in which the course had been laid out, the best men won, and the several championship medals were pinned on the breasts of the fastest amateur oarsmen in America. If it were not for its uncertain water Saratoga Lake would be the best place in the country to hold these races; but, unfortunately, the lake is as smooth as crystal one day, and too rough to row on the next. The management was good, and when the course has been laid out so as to give all boats an equal chance the association can find no better place for its annual meeting. The full results of the regatta follow:

Senior Singles—1 1-2 miles with turn: John J. Ryan, Toronto, first by three lengths. Time, 10m. 24s. E. Hed-

ley, Vesper B. C., Philadelphia, second; William Caffrey, Crescent B. C., Boston, third; Fred Hawkins, Manhattan A. C., New York, fourth.

Junior Singles—1 1-2 miles with turn: Peter Lehane, Albany B. C., first by five lengths. Time, 11m. 25s. H. W. F. Cady, Manhattan A. C., New York, second; H. T. Seaton, Substitute B. C., third.

Pair Oared Shells—1 1-2 miles with turn: Detroit (Mich.) B. C., F. C. Standish, bow; F. A. Lyon, stroke—first by three and a half lengths. Time, 10m. 55s. Iona B. C., Philadelphia, second; Atlanta B. C., New York, third.

Double Sculls—1 1-2 miles with turn: Vesper B. C., Philadelphia, J. G. Park, bow; E. Hedley, stroke—first by one-eighth of a length. Time, 9m. 53 1-4s. Varuna B. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., second; Catlin B. C., third; Manhattan A. C., New York, third.

Junior Fours—1 1-2 miles with turn: Ariel R. C., Baltimore, Md., R. H. Bond, bow; G. J. Turner, T. G. Ford, R. H. Underbrook, stroke—first by two and one-half lengths. Time 9m. 41s. Atlanta B. C., New York, second; Institute B. C., Newark, third.

Senior Fours—1 1-2 miles with turn: Dead heat between Modoc R. C., St. Louis, Mo., and Wyandotte B. C., Wyandotte, Mich.; Fairmount R. A., Philadelphia, third; Atlanta B. C., New York, fourth.

Junior Eights—1 1-2 miles straightaway: Everett B. C., Boston, first by ten lengths. Time, 9m. 51 1-2s. Dauntless R. C., New York, second.

Senior Eights—1 1-2 miles straightaway: New York A. C., "Chippie Crew," W. H. Pinckney, bow; J. R. Crawford, C. E. Knoblock, F. W. Howard, E. F. Haubold, E. J. Giannini, A. C. Clark, S. B. Hunt, stroke; D. G. Smythe, coxswain—first by three-quarter seconds of a length. Time, 7m. 55s. Manhattan A. C., New York, second; Malta B. C., Philadelphia, Pa., third.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR DWIGHT.

PROFESSOR THEODORE WILLIAM DWIGHT, of Yale College, has just died at his Summer home at Clinton, N. Y., of rheumatism of the heart. Mr. Dwight was born in Dedham, Mass., July 18, 1822. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1842 and after pursuing scientific



PROFESSOR THEODORE WILLIAM DWIGHT.

studies in New York, entered Yale College. At the age of twenty-four he became professor of law and civil polity at Hamilton College. Twelve years later he went to Columbia College, and to him is due the credit of establishing the splendid law school connected with that college. He was largely interested in State charities, became president of the Prison Association, was on the committee that advanced the scheme for the foundation of the Elmira Reformatory, and was regarded as an authority on legal matters, besides holding many other positions of trust and honor.

TEACHER OF PHYSIOLOGY—"What ingredient which is highly essential in the composition of the human body does sugar possess?"

PUPILS (in one voice)—"Sand."

PUBLISHER—"I wish you would write us a good sea story."

GREAT AUTHOR—"But I have never been to sea."

PUBLISHER—"I know it. I want a sea story that people can understand."

THE RIOTOUS NOOK OF THE ROSES.

GRANDMOTHER'S favorite roses,
The sweet, little cinnamon roses,
Way down in the dewiest closes
Of the old-fashioned garden she set.
In a nook of wild ferns and low sedges,
Apart from the primly-cut hedges,
And paths neatly sown on their edges
With pinks and demure mignonnette.

Grandmother's garden was stately
In style of old days—all so straightly
Atrim; and her flowers grew sedately
In beds of quaint, intricate art.
But this riotous nook of the roses,
'Twas like some rare impulse that shows us
'Mid form stern convention imposes
A glimpse of impetuous heart.

Dear grandmother, long she reposes,
Deserted her garden's fair closes,
But brightly the cinnamon roses,
'Mid tangle and tare, blossom yet.
This wild nook she loved, was it vision
In her life, with its gentle precision,
Of June's in youth's garden Elysian,
Whose rapture she did not forget?

MARY ESKY THOMSON.

HO! FOR THE FISHING BANKS.

"ALL aboard for the Fishing Banks!"
 "Take the boat to the right if you want to bring home fish!"
 "Take the floating palace to the left if you want luck!"
 "Buy your tickets here!"

Thus the rival agents shout their alluring bids for patronage. In their eager efforts to "get there" fine compliments are exchanged, hot words spoken and knock-down arguments not infrequently indulged in.

Three excursion steamers run daily to the Fishing Banks. Sailboats and other craft take jolly crowds down there every day during the season.

The humblest disciple of old Izaak Walton can enjoy his favorite sport at a slight expense. All that he needs is the price of his ticket, *i. e.*, fifty cents, and a day off. Few can afford the time and cost of a trip to the Pennsylvania trout streams, to the Maine lakes or Canada, but hundreds of anglers are ready and willing to have a day's sport near at home.

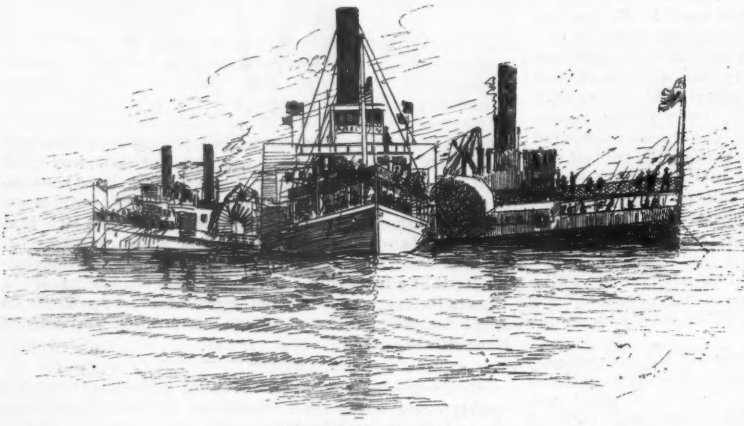
The fresh-water fisherman can have only an imperfect notion of what deep-sea fishing on board of an excursion steamer really means—what it is to bait a big hook with clam or squid, and to make a cast from the upper deck surrounded, pushed, elbowed by a noisy, excited crowd!

The artist has caught the spirit of the scene, and don't you wish you were "in it"? Of course you do. There is no end of amusement outside of the hard work of trying to fish under difficulties.

It is a mixed but lively crowd that goes down to the Banks. Only a cosmopolitan city like New York could furnish such a collection. Many nationalities are represented.

There are even some women who go along for no particular reason except to get seasick.

And so, the other morning, our steamer left the pier at



ANCHORED ON THE BANKS.

eight o'clock. There were, perhaps, one hundred and fifty people on board.

The Sandy Hook Lighthouse was soon passed, and then we plowed out into the ocean. A good, stiff breeze was blowing from the southeast, and the steamer began to pitch and roll in cradle fashion. Some of the fishermen turned pale, lost their appetites and all interest in the coming sport. Before the Fishing Banks were reached, over a dozen weak men lay stretched at full length on the cushions in the cabin. They were all seasick.

On the way down the anglers made preparations for the anticipated and long-delayed fun. Suits of yellow oilcloth and overalls were put on; behind the big smoke-stack the men cut bait; rods were taken out of their canvas coverings and jointed together.

At last we were off the Banks; one steamer, lined to the guard-rails, was ahead of us, and several sailboats hovered around. Our captain maneuvered for the coigne of vantage like a skillful general. He would run from one end of the boat to the other, examine the soundings, shake his head. The delay was simply aggravating to the pent-up fishermen.

Suddenly the word was given, and the anchor dropped into four fathoms of water. Each and everyone seemed intent on throwing his hook-and-line into the water before. In some places it was impossible to fish with safety or comfort, so closely packed were the excited men. Those on the lower deck protested loudly against having a hook or a pound of lead dropped on their heads.

"Why don't you look where you throw?" shouted one

angry fellow on the lower deck. A big, lead sinker had hit him on the head.

"Say, if you don't stop pulling up my line, there'll be trouble," yelled back a red-nosed fisherman.



ON A ROUGH DAY.

"You don't know how to fish; you ought to take a few lessons," sarcastically observed another.

On the whole, good-nature prevailed, for the spirit of *bon camaraderie* was in the salt air.



A FISH STORY.

The first fish landed on deck was hailed with expressions of delight. After awhile, good hauls were all the go, and then the sport waxed fast and furious.

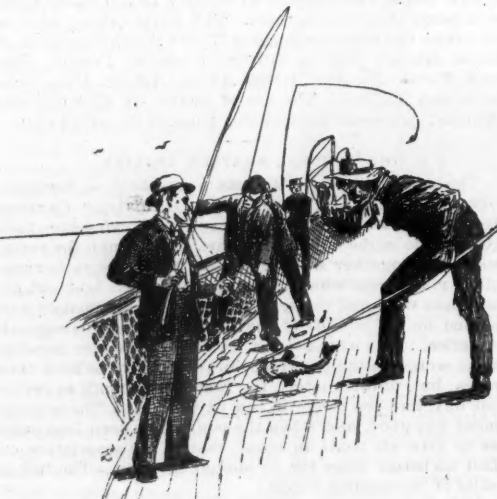
See that old fellow, bearded like a pard, show his wriggling catch to a friend! Note how his blue eyes light up with joy! Over there the professional fisherman is hauling in the beauties. He isn't saying much. Near by, a thin-chested, dyspeptic-looking clerk is giving vent to his anger because his new, nickel-plated rod that cost him a week's wages is broken. Altogether, the sport is worth going miles to enjoy.

Suddenly the luck changed. No one could get more than a chance bite, not even the professional fisherman. An hour or so dragged slowly by without any improvement in affairs.

Now, the thin-chested clerk could not help giving expression to the universal disappointment. The captain was begged again and again to change the location. The

wishes of the parties were granted, but the bad luck remained.

Right in the midst of our gloom and depression some



AN UGLY CUSTOMER.

anglers at the stern-end of the steamer began pulling in fish. At once rods were seized, hooks freshly baited and lines thrown out. But it was only a temporary flurry without results.

Later on a genuine sensation took place when a lucky fellow cried out: "Look here; I've a halibut!"

Sure enough, he had a prize. He was surrounded by a number of eager buyers who bid against each other for the fish. The auction attracted considerable attention. The halibut was knocked down to a stout, old gentleman who frankly stated that he intended to show the fish as his own catch.

About half-past four the warning whistle blew clear and strong. The day's fishing had come to an end. In less than two hours we were once more in the city. Then we trudged wearily homeward, and with the strong scent of stale fish clinging to our damp clothes. L. J. V.

"HE HAD RIDDEN STRAIGHT INTO A LAND—" THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WENT THROUGH IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN I was about to board the train, a man stepped up to me and said:

"I want to go down the big river; will you help me to get a ride?"

"I can't help you," I said, as I noted his dirt and rags; "I never give money to tramps on the streets."

Soon we were rolling away in the gathering twilight; I had quite forgotten the incident, when, twenty-five miles out in the country, we got a hotbox and I went out to see the trainmen handle the disagreeable job.

Then I saw a sight to stir the blood.

There, high up under the coach, twisted in under great grinding springs, perilously near eight rolling wheels of death, was a dark object.

The brakeman flashed his lantern, and, by its pallid gleam, I caught the flutter of awful fear in the face of the man under the trucks.

No one saw the tramp, and I was just about to cry out to him, when the bell rang and we were off again in the night.

We were flashing through a mountainous country under a starless sky, with now and then a roaring river, black as death, slipping out in the night. Soon the angry snarl of rain beat against the windows. The quiver of lightning added to the bleakness of the scene.

I knew that the man was riding down there on the trucks just under the floor beneath the spot where I was sitting. I could not rest. To think of the awful dangers that attended his journey was enough to chill the stoutest heart.

I muffled myself in my greatcoat and picked my way out on the wind and rain-swept platform. I was going to roar out to him to keep up his courage; but the rattle of the train and the rush of the storm mocked my bravest cries.

Just then we shot madly around a curve, and I knew from the hollow sound that we were upon a long bridge.

Great God! what was that wild cry mingling with the hoarse noise of the flying train?

Whatever it was, the night winds caught it up and bore it away.

One jar too strong, one relaxation of the tired muscles, one quiver of the weary hands, one moment's panic in the heavy heart—who knows?

At the next stopping-place I went out to look for my man.

And I knew then, as the murmur of the rolling river was borne to me from afar on the wings of the night, that he had ridden straight into the land where there is cold and hunger and sorrow no more. J. H. G.

TEMPEST.

The moon stares white
 Through gaunt, stripped branches of gray trees,
 That shiver in the light.

The wild wind shrieks,
 And, panting, leaps and strains against the house,
 Until each timber creaks.

The dim, wide bay
 Tosses up gleaming faces of drowned ghosts
 In fearful play.

Have sea, wind, sky,
 Gone mad at seeing some great human soul
 Forget himself, and die!

Howbeit, the key
 Of their fierce sorrow and their awful joy
 Lies hid in me!—HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS. AWARD OF THE PRIZES.

THE TWELVE GREATEST LIVING ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS.
 A COMPLETE set of Dickens's works has been awarded to Charles D. Wailes, 298 Second street, Memphis, Tenn., for the following answer:

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1—Alfred Tennyson. | 7—John G. Whittier. |
| 2—William Morris. | 8—Edmund C. Stedman. |
| 3—A. C. Swinburne. | 9—Ella Wheeler Wilcox. |
| 4—Edwin Arnold. | 10—Joaquin Miller. |
| 5—Jean Ingelow. | 11—Will Carleton. |
| 6—O. W. Holmes. | 12—J. Whitcomb Riley. |

THE TWELVE GREATEST NOVELS BY LIVING AMERICAN AUTHORS.
 The prize in this contest has been awarded to Miss Leone McMillan, 403 First avenue, East Oskaloona, Ia., for the following answer:

- "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by H. B. Stowe.
 "Ben Hur," by General Lew Wallace.
 "Elsie Venner," by O. W. Holmes.
 "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain.
 "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by William D. Howells.
 "The Faith Doctor," by Edward Eggleston.
 "An Iron Crown," by T. S. Dennis.
 "The Grandissimo," by George W. Cable.
 "A Fair God," by General Lew Wallace.
 "The Golden Justice," by William H. Bishop.
 "Dr. Sevier," by George W. Cable.
 "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Burnett.

"OUR OWN EVARTS."

Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.—WHITTIER, "The Hero."

It is morning in the big city. Morning, and thousands are returning to toll; the streets are black with the crowds; wagons roll along; the noise and bustle of the city is rising on every side.

There is an old, spacious brick and stone mansion near Gramercy Park; on this morning, its blinds are closely drawn; there is an air of desolation about the place; somehow, it suggests the past rather than the present; everything is lifeless 'round about.

Green vines twine up the walls; the swarms of life that pass and repass its great stone doors cast unheeding glances; by and by the milkman comes along, rattles his bell, and a trim maid comes out of the side door; ah! there is life within, after all.

It is the cool of morning. In this beautiful part of the big city, where abound the homes of the great and the influential, all is quiet and restful; twin parks, in the splendid livery of Summer, are near by; it is a garden spot in the hot, panting city.

See that old man who comes slowly out the front door of the quaint mansion. His form is bent, his step is slow, his eyes are cast down. He closes the gate carefully behind him; out into the busy street; he is lost in the crowd.

Who is this old man, and what is he doing in the park? He is sitting on a bench in the cool shade. In his hand he has a cane. He makes marks in the sand with the stick. He looks about. There is a strange, unnatural pallor on his face. It is a face, too, which once seen can never be forgotten. It is the face of a born leader among men. Time, in aging the face, may have stolen away some of the fierceness of the countenance; but even to-day—with the lodgment of the snows of many Winters in his hair, with his form shrunken so that it no longer fills the long, old-time frock-coat—there is, in the hard lines of the face, the conscious power to wield and manage men.

Cæsar had that imperious look, no doubt; Napoleon had it, no doubt; Luther had it, no doubt; so did Washington; and so has this old man. Cæsar and Bonaparte were small men, too, like this one.

Some children are playing near the flowers; they romp near the stranger's seat; he takes one of them on his knee and talks to the child like some good grandfather; it is a pleasant picture; the children run and play; the old man looks fondly after them.

He sits in the park until the sun grows disagreeably hot; then he goes slowly home again, carefully closing the big doors of the rambling mansion behind him as he disappears from public view.

William Maxwell Evarts, what power in that name the generation gone! To-day Mr. Evarts is no longer in the thick of the fight; he won his splendid renown on many a hard-fought field in the domain of law, diplomacy, finance and scholarship. In old age, his honors thick upon him, he knows no call to duty other than is self-imposed.

William M. Evarts cares little how the present great political battle wages, except so far as the fires of past ambition now and again smolder into flame; then he wishes the success of the party to which he gave the best ambitions of his life. But, as far as this world knows, the old Bald-Eagle has fought his last fight, and now rests content upon his arms, waiting the victories of a life that is not of the world of men.

A day with William Maxwell Evarts in his stately old mansion near Gramercy Square would be something never to be forgotten. But it is a privilege the old campaigner will not readily accord even his staunchest friends.

When I saw Mr. Evarts the other morning, he came down in his splendid library from some work in the rooms upstairs. Waiting his coming, my eyes ranged over the many souvenirs of a long and useful public life with which the room is filled. There is a piano in an alcove. There are many fine books. There is a handsome desk. The walls are crowded with old prints and engravings of rare value. I noticed a Cromwell, also a Washington, also the pictures of many men celebrated in Old World politics, and evidently given Mr. Evarts as a mark of personal regard. Many of them had autograph verses and signatures attached. There was little furniture in the room. A bronze clock ticked near by. Outside of this, a solemn silence brooded over the wide hall. There was the ineffable air of solemnity and mystery about the lengthening apartment; it was easy to believe that the room had become thus enshrouded by re-echoing the tread of the famous master. His life these last years has been so entirely unknown to the public, which once knew and studied his every move.

William M. Evarts is beautiful in old age. There is something in his face, as I saw him the other day, that justifies the words. This is the way he met me:

A rustle, a shuffling in the hall; I have been waiting a long time; a very long time; I know that it is Mr. Evarts, come down at last. I rise as he enters the room. Before me stands a man, slender, bowed with age; his face is pale and shrunken; his eyes are small, gray and keen, but

they glow with a force nearly spent. Mr. Evarts cannot see well; his gait is unsteady and halting. There is an intensely preoccupied look in his face. The splendid intellectuality of the pallid-faced old man is seen at a glance. Age has softened the once proud consciousness of power, but the power still remains. Mr. Evarts shuffles toward a seat. He extends his hand feebly. He does not look very closely at his visitor. He keeps his eyes cast sideways. He is dressed in a blue, loose-fitting house-coat, black trousers, slippers and a black neckcloth of the olden time.

When you come in the presence of "Our Own Evarts" you feel that before you is a great man.

He invites no confidence. He might almost be called bloodless. He sits there, casting his eyes to the floor, waiting whatever you may say. Once or twice he glances at you, but there is still that same preoccupied, almost vacant, glare in his eyes.

The silence is painful. The bronze clock says tick—tick—tick. It is the only sound that disturbs the intense tranquillity of the wide house.

The venerable sage of other days at last speaks. His

The man says not another word. The silence grows painful again.

"Well, Mr. Evarts, would you not consent—"

But Mr. Evarts will not say anything on any topic.

Once more the intense preoccupation; as the visitor moves toward the door, the feeble old man is seen shuffling back upstairs, disappearing like some specter in the dim light of the hallway.

Ah, the old warrior has had a splendid career! When he was a stripling of twenty-three his learning and acumen was such that he was consulted by the older heads. I went down in Wall street for information. There are many of Mr. Evarts's friends there. His law offices have been there for many years. They told me about the man's great victories in politics and law. How Evarts proceeded against the "Cleopatra" filibusters in 1831; how he nominated Seward for President; how he ran against Greeley for the Senate in 1861; how he established the right of the United States, in times of war, to treat captured vessels as maritime prizes; how he proved in a great lawsuit the unconstitutionality of the act taxing government bonds; how he defended President Johnson in the impeachment trial before the Senate in 1868; how he adjusted the "Alabama" claims at Geneva; how he defended Henry Ward Beecher in the celebrated trial of seventeen years ago; how he advocated the claims of the Republican party before the Electoral Commission in 1877; how he was Secretary of State under Hayes; how he was delegate to the Monetary Congress at Paris in 1881; how he served in the Senate in 1885; how he delivered the eulogy on Chief Justice Chase in 1873; the Centennial oration in 1876; speeches at the Webster statue and at the Statue of Liberty given by France to America.

And much more.

Of all these achievements Mr. Evarts has souvenirs of some sort. Some of them are in his library. Unlike most men who have accomplished much, his private life is unknown, especially these later days. He shuns publicity, he keeps in deep retirement. His comings and goings are wrapped in secrecy.

Just as I was leaving Wall street, the old lawyer came out of his offices. He has been known to have received as high as twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars for an opinion! He used to be the representative of the richest corporations. In will cases, involving millions, too, his advice has always been sought. The famous Parrish case, in the family of the widow of President Tyler, shows what Evarts has done in this line of practice.

The tall, stooped-shouldered lawyer, in his black clothes, his silk hat pushed back on his head, loped out of his office, under his arm a ponderous yellow tome.

It is evening. The tired toilers of the big city have returned from their work. The heat of the day is ended. The cool night is coming. It is now between the twilight and the dusk. The lamps are not yet lighted. In this happy hour, at day's declining, there is, in the little park, the same old man, surrounded by playing children. People pass and repass, as no one knows the man. But the children know him, and they run and prattle about his knees.

By and by the old man leaves his seat and walks slowly down the smooth paths, flower-encircled, the lull of falling waters drowsily coming to the ear. It is a strange, grand figure—the tall, bent old man, in his somber, loose-fitting clothes; he passes on meditatively; he looks neither to the right nor to the left; with eyes on the ground, with pace careless, slow, thoughtful, on he goes, here and there, taking his evening walk amidst the flowers; the children are playing in the gathering shade that darkens under the long lines of trees.

Alone, solitary, William Maxwell Evarts pursues his quiet way, thinking, as he moves along, of all the triumphs his once busy life, in two continents, have known, with honors thick upon him, a tribute from a grateful people, whom he has served so well, to sweeten and to give solace to the evening of an eventful and a useful career.

When the dusk comes, gradually, it enshrouds the silent walker in the common night; but not before he has gained his stately mansion here, near by, and is opening the big doors and disappearing like some specter in the gathering gloom.

JOHN HUBERT GHEUSEL.

DEATH OF THOMAS COOK.

THOMAS COOK, the excursion manager, is dead. He was born in Derbyshire, England, in 1808. His first attempt at managing an excursion was made in 1841, and was attended with such success that he was made excursion agent to the Midland Railroad Company, which position he and the firm which he founded has held ever since. Excursions to Paris, Egypt and the Holy Land were conducted by him. He was a great lover of flowers and a warm friend of Mr. Gladstone. Seven years ago Mr. Cook was unfortunate to lose his eyesight, and since then had become totally blind.



WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS,
Ex-Secretary of State of the United States, etc., etc.

words are short, terse and given in a way that indicates conscious pride and power.

"What is your wish?"

There is a vacuous glance of the steely-gray eyes; it is not a look that suggests any confidence in strangers; you feel that the credibility of your request is to be attacked and denied.

You feel this before you say a word in response. Such is the depressing, dispiriting result of the man's manner. He listens to what you say.

You wait. Five—ten—fifteen—twenty seconds pass; that is a long time to sit for a reply; it is doubly long in the presence of a speechless host. It makes you uneasy. You begin to ask yourself whether or not you are guilty of some discourtesy; maybe it was wrong to seek an interview with the retired statesman.

You wait.

The clock ticks on; by and by noises sift in from the street in faint, murmurous echo; meantime, Mr. Evarts has apparently quite forgotten you and your mission; somber, grand, impregnable in manner, there he sits within touch of your hand, on the sofa in the corner.

You can see now that the cartoonist, in other days, was not so far wrong in portraying Evarts as the "American Eagle." There is something in his face which justifies the characterization. Old age has brought out the lines in strong relief. His nose is very prominent, thin, wax-like, pallid and hooked like an eagle's. No doubt once, too, those eyes looked out on the world with a proud, almost fierce glance.

It is the face of a sphinx.

After a time you get an answer. It is given in very slow, measured tones. Like this:

"Yes. There are a good many things I could talk about." Pause. "But I don't care to do it—" Pause. "I must treat all alike—" Pause. "That is my rule with the press—" A long pause. "I never break it."

DRILL OF THE NAVAL RESERVES.

THE Naval Reserve Corps underwent much hard work in the practice cruise that ended last week. Those who read of it in the papers or caught glimpses of the ships as they steamed by on the river saw only the gala side of it—the flags and bunting. They comprehended little of the handling of heavy guns, entailing aching backs, blistered fingers and deafened ears; the hoisting of ammunition,



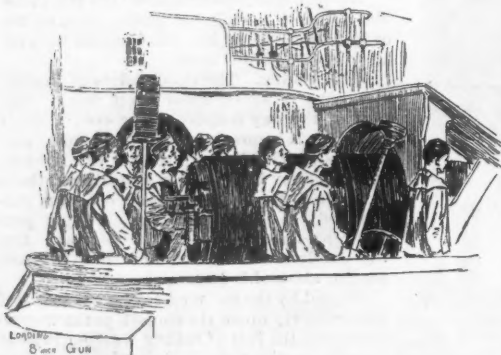
THE SICK ROOM

the swabbing out of guns, or the scrubbing of decks. It was all "done for fun."

The exercises last year were mostly at Fisher's Island, but their importance and realism did not come home clearly to New Yorkers. The sailor lads last year had to sleep on a river steamer. She was neither war-like nor comfortable; but during this cruise, the old line-of-battle ship *New Hampshire* was towed down from her watery berth at Coaster's Harbor Island, Newport, and became the marine quarters of the reserves when not on duty.

The first chance the enthusiasts had to exhibit their skill was at target practice off Sandy Hook, when they handled the great rifled cannon like veterans, doing some wonderful shooting with both first and secondary batteries, exhibiting an aptitude that bodes ill for any ship they may encounter in a real action.

First, the *Chicago* fired her starboard battery, then the *Atlanta* followed with hers; then the *Chicago* wheeled and let fly her port guns, when Lieutenant Duncan's skillful coxswain, Corning, shot the target away altogether. Another was put overboard, but the mist and rain prevented further good practice.



LOOKING OVER THE GUN

Bath Beach was the scene of the sham battle this year. The ship's boats landed; the men jumped into the water and charged up under the trees and over meadows and fences with a vim and gallantry which made the beholders' blood tingle. Guns from the ships covered the attack with discharges of smoke and thunder, while the rifles covered the fields with the rattle and mist as of real battle. Then the defending parties turned, and the reserves retreated just as gallantly, not because they were beaten, but because it was down so in the plans. The writer has seen many sham naval battles, and the landing party had to retreat in all of them. In real fights, sailors have a

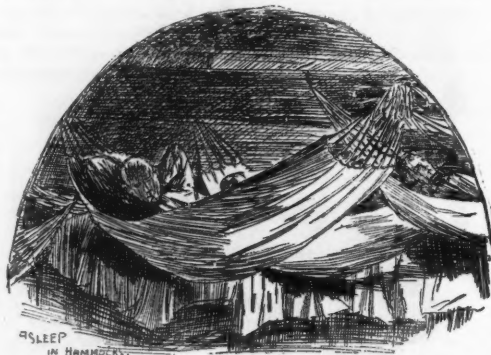
habit of capturing what they come ashore for, which is certainly worthy of imitation in practice.

After a day's rest, the *New Hampshire*, with the reserves, was taken in tow by the *Atlanta* and treated to a burst of speed that made her aged timbers creak, and lasted until she anchored in Peekskill Bay. Captain Lyons, on the Nyack ferryboat, aptly remarked as the two ships swept by the Tarrytown lighthouse and answered his salute, "There goes the young and strong leading the old and weak. May it ever be so."

At Peekskill there were boat-drills, boat-races, battalion-drills, night exercise of electric lights, parades before the governor and interchange of courtesies between the land and naval forces. Thousands from the surrounding country came to see a sham battle, announced in the papers, only to be disappointed, while those who waited for the boat-races were hardly repaid, since one came off at sundown, in the shadow of the Hudson hills, while the dead heat was rowed off at seven o'clock the next morning.



"CALL AWAY FIRST CUTTER"



The Naval Reserve cruise of 1892 goes on record as a very satisfactory advance over previous years.—[See p. 8.]

AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THE stock market enjoyed a little splurge of activity a few days ago, and it naturally resulted in higher prices, but the increased activity had only a brief existence. Brief as it was, though, it proved that the market is in shape to respond to any concerted movement which the leaders of speculation may make on their return to the Street at the close of the Summer vacation. It is true that prices are not now abnormally low, except in the cases of certain stocks which have been through long seasons of adversity and which are now convalescing. Of these, Atchison, St. Paul and Reading are prominent instances. It is demonstrable in the case of Atchison, its reorganization having been completed successfully, and its income bond conversion plan no less so, that its earnings are sufficient to make the promise of dividends on the stock reasonable. It is certain, of course, that no dividend will be paid this year. Neither is one probable next, because the surplus over fixed charges will be required for betterments and improvements, but after that it is highly probable that there will be regular distributions to the stockholders. The stock is now selling at about sixty, and at that figure the cost of carrying it until it becomes remunerative will not be burdensome to legitimate investors.

St. Paul is somewhat higher than Atchison, but then it is nearer a dividend. It has paid nothing since 1888, and its price has been down in the forties. It is now selling, say, at eighty-three. The annual meeting will be held in September, and unless all signs fail, it will then resume its place in the list of dividend payers. Then, as to Reading. It certainly has been in the throes of dissolution, but it is now on a very substantial basis. Its present management is both honest and intelligent, and is working in the interest of the stockholders, even if at the expense of the public. The "coal barons," among whom it is fair to class Reading's managers, have never been charged with being philanthropists, but "among the money-makers"

philanthropy has but little space. New evidence of the progressive character of the management is afforded by the contracts just entered into, through which the passengers of the road will be landed at the Battery and at Twenty-Fourth street, at both of which points the facilities for distribution are unexcelled, something which cannot be said for the present Liberty street terminal. Better service for the Brooklyn people is also proposed.

There is some fear that further large amounts of gold may be shipped to Europe in the near future, the high rates of Continental Exchange justifying the operation on a commercial basis. This condition arises through the check which legitimate trade in cotton, breadstuffs and other products have received from the threatened passage of the anti-option bill by Congress. While this uncertainty is pending men of astuteness will not make contracts which the law may prevent them filling, consequently there are not many offers to deliver commercial bills in the next sixty or ninety days. Should this class legislation be defeated our import trade will revive and the activity will be reflected in the foreign exchange market. In the meantime, however, the advocates of the anti-option bill are contributing largely to the probable renewal of gold exports.

The "industrialists" have enjoyed considerable prominence in recent speculation, sugar being the leader. Cotton-oil, cordage, and Distilling & Cattle Feeding (the Whisky Trust) have been largely dealt in, also, and at advancing prices. The talk is that the dividend to be declared by the sugar company will be at the rate of ten per cent. Cotton-oil and cordage have moved up in sympathy with the advance in sugar, although in the case of cotton-oil there is some real foundation for the advance on reported large earnings. Whisky advanced on the covering of short contracts made by Western men some time ago, when litigation against the combination was more threatening than it is now.

MIDAS.

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in the blood,
ulcers, catarrh, and
consumption,
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safe, speedy, and
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Has Cured Others
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The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman, Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. in the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

For upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Highest in Quality.
Known the world over as incomparably The Best. Some troubles are difficult to dodge. Shaving troubles can always be avoided by the use of TORREY RAZORS and TORREY STROPS. Every Razor sold under a GUARANTEE TO GIVE SATISFACTION. If the dealer will not supply you, DON'T take any other, but send for Catalogue, telling how to select, sharpen, and keep a Razor in order.
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WRECK OF THE "ALVA."

THE splendid steam-yacht *Alva*, owned by William K. Vanderbilt, was sunk in a fog, on the Nantucket shoals, by the freight steamer *Dimock* on the morning of July 24th. No lives were lost, but the owner, his guests, the officers and crew, numbering sixty in all, were saved in the boats. The *Alva* sank in thirty feet of water.

The *Alva* was the most expensive pleasure-yacht owned by a private individual in the world and cost over one million dollars and never less than ten thousand per month to keep in commission.

Unlike an ocean steamer, the *Alva* was not fitted with berths in the guest-rooms but each of them contained a roomy bed. The dining-room was the largest apartment aboard the vessel. It was elaborately finished in white and gold, with furniture of the same delicate tint. Rich carpets and rugs covered the floors, growing plants were half concealed in various recesses, and at night the room was illuminated by soft electric lamps. With the table spread for dinner and glittering with the costly plate and cut-glass with which the yacht was furnished, this dining-room in mid-ocean rivaled in richness that of Mr. Vanderbilt's house in New York.

From the dining-room a long, low passage led aft to the library, which also served as a music-room. In this apartment were six thousand books and a piano, harp, organ, violin, with other musical instruments, so that time should not hang heavily during the voyage. The vessel was fitted with two steam-launches and five lifeboats.

As usual, the sailors had their quarters in the fore-castle, but the officers' cabins were astern and the staterooms of the owner and his guests were between. The officers' messroom was forward on the main deck.

Beneath the smoking-room was the children's nursery, a well-lighted play-room; plenty of light, indeed, being a feature of every apartment on the yacht. The staterooms began here, too. They were ranged about the nursery and extended aft, with a break here and there, to the stern. There were sixteen staterooms in all, with accommodations for twenty-five people, though a good many more guests could be accommodated on a pinch. They were as far ahead of the average ocean steamship staterooms as a yacht is ahead of a canal-boat. These were variously finished in cherry and walnut, and supplied with dressing-cases, wardrobes, Scotch marble basins with running water, and a number of ingenious contrivances in the line of conveniences. The rooms were fully equipped with rich carpets, curtains and tapestries. Among the interesting features of these staterooms were the bathtubs, sunk into the floor and so neatly fitted with trapdoors that even without carpet their presence would not be noticed. Hot or cold, fresh or salt-water baths could be had at will.

The pantry and dining-room were next aft the nursery; but scattered here and there in the vicinity were linen-closets, toilet-rooms and a small, glass-faced section fitted up with a large assortment of rifles, shotguns, pistols and fishing tackle. Through a trapdoor in the pantry the "wine cellar" and general storeroom for provisions was reached. Artificial ice was made here. Over the pantry was the kitchen and no smell of the cooking could come from it to the dining-room below. This room was beautifully finished in white and gold. It was the most spacious apartment in the yacht and would seat half a hundred people. A long, narrow passage led aft from the dining-room to the library. On the way the great engine was passed, and for the benefit of guests fond of watching the plunges of the big, brightly-polished steel rods a handsomely upholstered settee was provided. The library was finished in French walnut, and the adjoining staterooms matched it. A few steps to the outer deck and a sharp turn forward brought the visitor to the ladies' sitting-room and boudoir. This, in the way of comfort, elegance and general utility was a counterpart of the smoking-room forward, but even more luxuriously furnished. The "after deckhouse" was fitted up as an office and secretary's room.

Mr. St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool, was the designer of the *Alva*. The general plans for the hull and engines were brought from England. The principal dimensions were as follows:

Length over all, 255 feet; length from stem to post, 256 feet; length on load line, 252 feet; extreme beam, 32 feet 6 inches; depth molded, 21 feet 3 inches; extreme draught, 17 feet; diameter propelling wheel, 18 feet 6 inches; measurements in tons, O. M., 1,511 feet.

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The vessel was built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Del.

Since she was launched Mr. Vanderbilt, with his family, has made many cruises and voyages upon the *Alva*. The longest cruise she made was finished four years ago. Starting from New York, July 2, 1887, the *Alva* crossed to Queenstown in nine days, touched at Liverpool, went thence to Southampton for the naval review, thence to Havre, Rotterdam and across the North Sea to Leith. Here Mr. Vanderbilt left his yacht and with his party proceeded by land to Inverness, where a number of excursions were made, including, among others, one to Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland. The *Alva* went from the Moray Frith to Trieste direct, and then the Winter was spent on the Mediterranean. Early in 1888 the *Alva* steamed down the Dalmatian and Grecian coasts, around to Athens and Constantinople and thence to Alexandria, where the party again left her for a trip up the Nile to the first cataract. Syracuse, Naples, Villefranche, Port Mahone, Malaga and Gibraltar were all visited. The yacht came home by way of Madeira, Teneriffe, Nassau and the Canaries, and reached here in April, 1888.

Returning from another long cruise abroad in the Spring of 1891 the *Alva* came into port with her owner and his guests crowded as far forward as they could get and the yellow flag flying at the mainmast. One of the sailors was sick with the most malignant form of small-pox. The vessel was quarantined. Among the guests on this memorable trip was Center Hitchcock, L. B. Jewett, Louis Webb and Mr. Hoyt. Two days after the *Alva* left Funchal the surgeon discovered that one of the oilers had small-pox, and the yacht hurried home as fast as possible. She was never able to make much over fifteen knots, having been built for comfort rather than speed. Only six weeks ago the *Alva*, coming into port, ran down a row-boat on the North River and two people were drowned. May 30th of this year the yacht arrived from Europe at Newport with Mr. Vanderbilt aboard, and then he heard for the first time of the sudden death of young W. H. Vanderbilt, his nephew.

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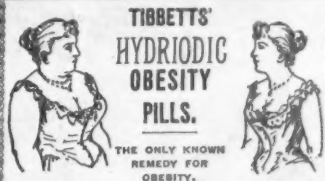
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